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B. Hart —

Jan 3. 1002



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1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in the context of public administration and government operations. The text notes that without reliable records, it becomes difficult to track progress, identify areas for improvement, and ensure that resources are being used effectively.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods and tools used for data collection and analysis. It mentions the use of surveys, interviews, and focus groups to gather qualitative data, as well as the application of statistical software and data visualization techniques to analyze quantitative information. The document stresses the need for a systematic approach to data collection to ensure that the information gathered is both relevant and reliable.

3. The third part of the document addresses the challenges associated with data management and storage. It highlights the importance of implementing robust security measures to protect sensitive information from unauthorized access and data breaches. Additionally, it discusses the need for regular data backups and the use of cloud-based storage solutions to ensure data availability and accessibility across different locations and devices.

4. The fourth part of the document focuses on the importance of data privacy and compliance with relevant regulations. It notes that organizations must adhere to strict guidelines regarding the collection, use, and disposal of personal data to protect the privacy and rights of individuals. The text also mentions the importance of obtaining informed consent from data subjects and providing them with clear information about how their data will be used.

5. The fifth part of the document discusses the role of data in decision-making and strategic planning. It emphasizes that data-driven insights can help organizations identify trends, anticipate market changes, and make more informed decisions. The text notes that effective data analysis can lead to the identification of new opportunities and the optimization of existing processes, ultimately contributing to the overall success and growth of the organization.

6. The sixth part of the document addresses the importance of data literacy and training for employees. It notes that as the volume and complexity of data continue to increase, it is essential for employees to have the skills and knowledge necessary to effectively analyze and interpret data. The document suggests implementing training programs and workshops to help employees develop their data literacy skills and understand the importance of data in their roles.

7. The seventh part of the document discusses the importance of data governance and the establishment of clear policies and procedures. It notes that data governance involves the oversight and management of data assets to ensure their quality, security, and availability. The document suggests establishing a data governance framework that defines roles and responsibilities, sets standards for data quality, and ensures compliance with relevant regulations.

8. The eighth part of the document addresses the importance of data security and the implementation of strong cybersecurity measures. It notes that data is a valuable asset, and organizations must take steps to protect it from cyber threats and data breaches. The document suggests implementing firewalls, intrusion detection systems, and encryption techniques to secure data both in transit and at rest.

9. The ninth part of the document discusses the importance of data integration and the use of data lakes and data warehouses. It notes that data integration allows organizations to combine data from different sources and systems, providing a more comprehensive view of their operations. The document suggests using data lakes to store raw data and data warehouses to store structured data for analysis and reporting.

10. The tenth part of the document addresses the importance of data ethics and the responsible use of data. It notes that organizations must be transparent about their data practices and ensure that data is used in a way that respects the privacy and rights of individuals. The document suggests establishing an ethics committee to oversee data use and ensure that it aligns with the organization's values and principles.

B. Hart

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1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in the context of public administration and government operations. The text notes that without reliable records, it becomes difficult to track expenditures, assess performance, and ensure that resources are being used effectively and ethically.

2. The second part of the document addresses the challenges associated with data collection and analysis. It highlights that while modern technology offers powerful tools for gathering and processing information, the quality and consistency of the data can vary significantly. Factors such as incomplete reporting, inconsistent methodologies, and limited access to certain data sources can all contribute to gaps in the information available. The document suggests that addressing these challenges requires a combination of improved training, standardized protocols, and enhanced communication between different departments and agencies.

3. The third part of the document focuses on the role of leadership in driving organizational success. It argues that effective leaders are those who can clearly articulate a vision, inspire their teams, and make sound decisions based on available data and input from others. The text stresses that leadership is not just a position but a set of behaviors and attitudes that can be learned and developed over time. It encourages leaders to foster a culture of innovation, collaboration, and continuous improvement within their organizations.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the importance of stakeholder engagement and communication. It notes that organizations do not operate in a vacuum and that the interests and concerns of various stakeholders, including employees, customers, and the community, must be taken into account. Effective communication is key to building trust, managing expectations, and ensuring that all parties are aligned with the organization's goals and objectives. The document suggests that regular, transparent communication can help to identify potential issues early on and prevent misunderstandings or conflicts.

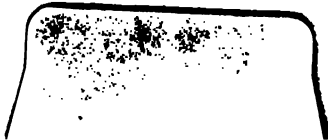
5. The fifth and final part of the document provides a summary of the key points discussed and offers some concluding thoughts. It reiterates that success in any organization or public sector endeavor depends on a combination of factors, including strong leadership, accurate data, effective communication, and a commitment to ethical and transparent practices. The document concludes by encouraging all stakeholders to work together to address the challenges ahead and to strive for a more efficient, effective, and accountable system.

B. Hart

Jan 3. 1002



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W. Hart —

Jan 3. 1002



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1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods and techniques used to collect and analyze data. It highlights the need for a systematic approach to data collection and the importance of using reliable sources of information.

3. The third part of the document focuses on the analysis and interpretation of the collected data. It discusses the various statistical and analytical tools that can be used to identify trends and patterns in the data.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the importance of communication and reporting in the data analysis process. It emphasizes the need for clear and concise reports that provide meaningful insights into the organization's performance.

5. The fifth part of the document discusses the various challenges and obstacles that can arise during the data analysis process. It provides strategies and techniques for overcoming these challenges and ensuring the successful completion of the analysis.

6. The sixth part of the document discusses the importance of data security and privacy in the data analysis process. It emphasizes the need for robust security measures to protect sensitive information and ensure compliance with relevant regulations.

7. The seventh part of the document discusses the various applications and uses of data analysis in different industries and sectors. It provides examples of how data analysis is used to improve decision-making and drive organizational success.

8. The eighth part of the document discusses the future of data analysis and the emerging trends and technologies that are shaping the field. It highlights the importance of staying up-to-date with the latest developments in data analysis.

9. The ninth part of the document discusses the various ethical considerations and issues that arise in the data analysis process. It emphasizes the need for a strong ethical framework to guide the collection, analysis, and use of data.

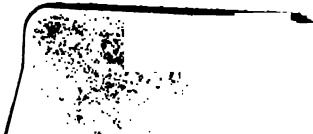
10. The tenth part of the document discusses the various career opportunities and roles available in the field of data analysis. It provides information on the skills and qualifications required for these roles and the potential for career advancement.

B. Hart

Jan 3. 1002



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la! *ma*, where's the basket?—Where's the rabbit-pie, and the cucumbers, and the gingerbread-nuts, and the new cheese?"

"Why, the cheese, and the gingerbread, and the cucumbers and *inguns*, is in your *pa's* coat-pocket, safe enough," replied the provident lady; "and the rabbit-pie's *under my arm*—I warrant ye, I don't forget that."

By this time the passengers were all on board, and mostly seated on the deck.

The vessel began to tow out.

"Good by!—God bless you, good folks!—I shall long for next summer!" cried Mrs. Bustle, waving her handkerchief.

"Remember me," cries one.—"Don't
ye

ye forget me," says another.—“Polly, pin your bonnet tight.—Jack, put your great coat on.—Take a drop of brandy, if you're sick, Bob—and tell Jenny to stick her back tight against the wall, and not stir a peg,” says a third.

“When you get to London, mother, send Polly the crabs, and give my love to Susan, and my duty to father,” says a fourth.

“Good by, Jack.—Tell them we've been very merry.—Don't say nothing about—you know who,” cries a fifth.

“Mary,” squalled an old woman to a young girl, who was apparently going to service, “Mary, God bless you!—Have you got your money safe in your *nutmeg-grater*?—Take care of your bundle.—Wrap your flannel petticoat round your

head when you go to bed, and take care of yourself."

The passengers burst into a laugh.

"Aye! aye! look sharp after your *flannel dickey*, Polly, my girl," cried a sailor. "I'll take care of your daughter—I'm a tight hand for a waiting-maid."

"Mind that chap in the hairy-cap can't *impurent* to you, Mary;" cried the anxious mother. "I say; Mary—d'ye hear?"

Mary nodded. Another peal of laughter succeeded; and with one general echo of "Good-by!" away bore the vessel in full sail.

The different insignias of adieu, now became truly diverting. The Pier was thronged

PEDESTRIAN.

thronged to watch the lessening bark; some waved white handkerchiefs—some, hats—some took off their aprons; but Mary's poor mother, more eager to distinguish herself, was making an evolution with her green bonnet, when some unlucky body knocked it out of her hand, and skimming over the parapet, it drove out to sea.

“ Oh, my bonnet!—my bran-new green bonnet!” exclaimed the old woman, as she watched it dancing upon the waves. “ Oh, it cost me seven-and-sixpence, only last Thursday.”

“ I'll jump into my boat and hook it a-shore for a shilling,” said a boatman, laughing at her perplexity.

“ I'm sure, I sha'n't chuck another shilling into the sea—there's seven-and-
B 4 sixpence

sixpence there already, of my money," replied the old woman, wiping off more tears with her apron for the loss of her bonnet, than she had let fall for the departure of Mary.

"I never saw such an old fool in my life as you are," said a good-looking elderly man; "what the plague, woman, induced you to make a flag of your bonnet?"

"Why, every body was shaking a good-by token of some sort, and I'd nothing else to shake."

"Well, and now you've paid for it," replied the old man; "I hope you're satisfied; you had better have taken off your flannel petticoat, and shook that."

"That's a mighty unlikely thing," replied

plied the woman ; “ you might as well suppose I should have stood naked a-top of the Pier, like a *Cubit* stuck up for a mark.”

“ Hah! hah! hah!” chuckled the old man, “ you’d make a pretty sort of *Cupid*—in a *mob-cap!*”

“ Do go home, mistress,” said the sailor, “ and don’t stand bothering here about your bonnet—its pretty well done up, now—yonder goes your poor seven-and-sixpenny touch ;—never mind, old girl, go home, and work merrily for money to buy a new one.”

The woman took his advice ;—popped her gown tail over her head—and was marching off, when, turning back to the sailor,

“Do you know any thing of that hairy-cap fellow, that was working the ship?” said she; “I hope he won’t say any thing *queer* to my Mary, for she’s as pure as a lump of *vargent* wax. He looked a terrible fierce chap, and seemed to me to have a tongue like a *fire-belt*; Lord, there’s no knowing what thoughts these creatures have in their heads.”

“Pooh! she’ll be safe enough,” answered the sailor; “if she can’t *crack a joke*, and *drink grog*, she can’t fit to go to sea.”

“But I hope she’ll do neither the one nor the other,” answered the old woman.

“What signifies what you hope,” replied the sailor; “I’ll bet a guinea she does *both*.”

“If

“If I was sure of that, I’d take a boat and go after her,” said the old woman, dropping her jaw, and turning up the whites of her eyes in a perpendicular direction with her cap-border.

“What without your bonnet?” cried the sailor.

“Drabbit the bonnet—what’s the value of a *green bonnet* compared to a girl’s *virtue*?”

“Why, the bonnet was *lost at sea*, you know,” answered the sailor, winking his eye.

“Well, but d’ye think Mary will go safe?”

“Aye, aye, as safe as *you* would, with me.”

“Well, thank God!—The Lord prosper her undertaking!—So, now I’ll go home and make myself easy.—Whereabouts is my bonnet, though?—Let’s have a good-by peep at it.”

“Its off—Its gone to make Master *Neptin* a scull-cap,” replied the sailor; “and as to the vessel, she’s almost ploughed out of sight; so, good bye, mother—I’m off.”

The spectators dispersed;—the old woman hobbled home, leaving Mary and her bonnet to the mercy of the winds and waves, even to the protection of the man in the hairy cap, and the comforts of a drop of grog.

A BAG OF TAILS.



“THERE’S YOUR bag-a’-tails,” said a cit to his deary, as Master Jackey strutted before them in his scarlet breeches, and his broad-frilled collar flapping over his posteriors ; “there’s your bag-a’-tails,” pointing to the jeweller’s window.

“I’m sure I see neither *bag* nor *tails*,” replied his wife.

“Why, don’t ye see the thingumbobs in the window?”

“Lord, yes ; but I was looking at the barber over the way ; he’s got a bag, and
I thought

I thought you meant that was full of tails; but as to these here *gould* what-d'ye-call-ums, can't no more like tails than I am; its the foolishest word in the world, to talk such nonsense."

"What's a bag of tails?—I should like a bag of tails for a new play-thing," said Jackey.

"Well, we shall see the price," replied his father, pushing the boy into the shop.

"How d'ye sell your bag-a-tails?" said he, leaning over a glass-case, which instantly snapped in shivers..

"Oh, Sir! there's six shillings-worth of damage done," cried the woman.

"No such a thing—its impossible—it was cracked before I touched it, I'm sure

sure it was.—I pay six shillings! you'd as soon get *six of my teeth*.—None of your gammon, mistress."

"I want a bag of tails," said the whining boy, twitching his mother's gown.

"Have you got any tails?" asked she.

"Oh, yes, Ma'am, we've got plenty: Mother Bunch's Tales—Mother Goose's Tales—The Tales of a Tub—Tales of a Parrot."

"Pooh!—I don't mean story-books—I mean the bag of tails that lays in your window."

"We've no such thing, Ma'am," answered the shop-woman; "we've nothing to do with *tails*—we're not in the hair-dressing line; you'll get any quantity of
tails."

tails, and *whiskers*, and *fillets*, and *crops*, and *wigs*, at the perfumer's."

"Whiskers!—Hey?—what do they *sell* whiskers?—I never knew that before. Egad, I've a mind to *treat* myself with a pair."

"And me with a wig," whispered his deary.

"Well, but about these bag of tails," resumed the cit, taking up a vinaigrette;
"What's this *odd-cum-short* for?"

"It's a vinaigrette—the price is sixteen shillings."

"Well, but what is it for?"

"To hold aromatic vinegar, Sir."

"*Rheumatic*."

“*Rheumatic winegar*, indeed!” answered the cit; “I’m sure you’ll never dish me out of sixteen shillings for a *winegar* bottle, when a *halfpenny vial* and a *cork* answers every purpose.”

The shop-woman smiled.—“Here’s some elegant quizzing-glasses, if the lady would like one.”

“And what the devil’s the use of it?”

“It clears the sight, Sir, and shews *objects* to perfection: as thus,” cried she, archly, peeping at her customers.

“Oh, no, no, we’re clear-sighted enough; I don’t admire that system of shutting up one eye and looking *double* with t’other, and screwing your features into all manner of forms.—No, no; it don’t suit *us* at all.”

“Here’s

“ Here’s some beautiful *Tunbridge vices*, Sir, come very cheap—only five shillings each.”

“ I sha’n’t buy my wife five shillings-worth of vice, I’m sure; there’s a plenty in our family already.”

“ An elegant silver ink-stand, Sir;—only a guinea.”

“ A guinea for an ink-stand!” repeated the cit; “ Oh monstrous, shameful!—I’ve had my old *sixpenny pewter* one these *fourteen years*, and its now as good as ever. No wonder people grumble at the times, if a man can’t write his name without a silver ink-stand.”

“ Would you like a silver smoking-tube, Sir?”

“ Why,

“Why, aye, that’s useful and comfortable enough, my girl; and what’s more, it will sell for its weight fifty years hence.—I love economy;—I like to look *twice* at my money before I part with it. Come, wife, I’ll *treat* you with a new *thimble*, and Jack shall have a set of nine-pins, for they won’t break easily; and when they do, they’ll serve the maid to light the *copper fire* with.”

The articles were accordingly looked out; wrapped up in double paper, and the cit was leaving the repository, when the shop-woman reminded him of paying for the show-glass.

“Pshaw!” cried he; “you won’t be so mean to make me pay, now I’ve been a customer. I’ll tell you what I’ll do: I’ll *split* the difference, because I’m sure it was cracked before I touched it; so,
that

that will be *split* for *split*, and then, I think, I act like a gentleman."

"No, Sir," that won't satisfy me," said the woman.

"Well, then, I say you are extorting." Here the cit, grinning with passion, threw down a seven shilling piece, swearing it was a pretty concern to pay so much money for *peeping* at a *bag of tails*.

"Come along, wife," said he; "we'll go to the barber's, now, and have Jack cropped; he's got such a curly, frizzled-nob, the boy's quite a fright—quite a spectacle—so, the next job shall be to *shear* him. Push on, boy, push on—you'll look all the better for a three-penny touch."

Away they brushed; but as I had enjoyed

joyed so much diversion at their expence, as I strolled through the bagatelle repository, I determined submitting to an extra operation of the razor, by following these queer geniuses to the hair-dresser's, and insisting upon waiting till they were attended ; an opportunity which would afford me full scope for my promised diversion ; so, sauntering behind them, at length, they popped into the hair-dresser's.

THE EFFECTS OF CROPPING.



“ I HAVE brought this here young *gentleman* to be fashionably cropped,” said the cit.

“ Bless me, Sir, its a pity to cut off such beautiful curls,” replied the operator.

“ Don’t palaver me ; I’ll have him *docked*, so *shear* away.”

The tonsor obeyed the command, and in five minutes, Jackey stood before papa, the precise image of a charity-boy, who had been *hogged* for a *scald head*, having nothing left but a crop of stubborn bristles,

bristles, and a pair of large ears, projecting three inches from his head.

Never was child so altered—never was a pretty boy metamorphosed to a greater fright; but papa thought he looked all the better, and mamma consoled herself, that her darling was, at least, a *fashionable-looking* child.

Jackey's beautiful nut-brown ringlets strewed the dirty floor, when papa enquired for some false whiskers; but how was he chagrined to find they were attached to wigs of a certain description!

“Let me try on this black one, Sir; it would fit you to a nicety.”

The cit dashed off his old caxon; and drawing up his chin, was equipped in one moment with a black Brutus and a pair
of

of whiskers, that reached almost to the corners of his mouth.

“ Well, how d’ye like me? How do I look ?” said he, quirking his head, first over one shoulder, and then over the other.

“ Why, la, deary, you don’t look like yourself, a bit; I should never have known you.”

“ Oh, the gentleman is quite *the thing*, now, Ma’am—never looked better in his life.”

“ Let me see,” cried the cit, peeping and bridling before the glass; “ faith, I like myself very much; why, I look ten years younger.—What’s the price of it, *swapping my old one ?*”

“ Oh,

“ Oh, your old one is not worth half-a-crown—its quite a sort of a *penny-dip*.”

“ Penny-dip, you, Sir!—why, it cost me six-and-thirty shillings only last Christmas; so, if you won't allow no more, I'll keep it for a *smoking-scratch*, instead of buying a new velvet night-cap. But what d'ye *ax* for this?”

“ Two guineas and a half, with the whiskers, complete.”

“ Humph!—money enough. And what d'ye dock off for yon curls?—You've cropped enough from Jack's head to make another wig.”

“ Oh, that's of no use, upon earth,” replied the friseur.

“ Don't tell me that; you keep a *fris-tub*, I warrant ye, and sell all your crop-pings at so much a pound.”

“Not a stiver, Sir; but that wig was made for a nobleman; and happening to be half a shade too dark, I fitted up another at three guineas; and, indeed, if this wig has a fault, its *too cheap*.”

The cit ruminated. “It strikes me,” said he, “these here whiskers would be very troublesome, if one was picking a *long bone*; and that’s what I do every day, almost.”

“Oh, Sir, but you must remember your whiskers,” replied the chuckling frizcur.

“Aye, I shan’t forget them easily, they tickle me so confoundedly; but that’s nothing; that will go off when I’m used to it, though it feels to me, now, just like a regiment of fleas, pacing a slow march over my cheek-bones.”

I turned

I turned my back;—I bit my lips—I felt convulsed with laughter, as he thus proceeded, still eyeing himself in the glass.

“Come, have you a mind for a wig, mistress?—I’ll treat you, if you like.—What colour will you have?”

“Why, I should like a flaxen one, lovey,” simpered the lady, twitching off her bonnet, and letting down a profusion of grisly locks, which the dextrous lad of the scissars clipped off in one moment, declaring, no wig would fit proper unless she had her head shaved—a job he could complete in five minutes.

This, however, the lady strongly objected to; but at length agreed, she would be cropped like Jackey.

Away went comb and scissars, before

she could have an opportunity of changing her mind; and in a twinkling she was hogged to an inch.

“There, Ma’am,” cried the friseur, presenting her the mirror, “your head’s *mowed* like a *grass-plat*—a completer crop was never made.”

“Oh, God of Heaven! what have you done to me?—Oh, what a *gashly* object I am!” and she burst into tears.

“Bless me, Ma’am, you look all the better—you’ll be *light-headed*, now, all the summer. Just let me pop on this flaxen Calypso, and then look at yourself.”

The tears streamed—the lady sobbed—the child stared with his mouth wide open, and the cit paced up and down, half angry.

The

The flaxen Calypso was put on; twitched—combed—tied—pinned—and properly adjusted.

The lady arose—stood right before her husband—screwed up such a puckered face; and as her voice quivered, and her chin dropped, “How do I look now?” asked she.

“Why, I don’t think you look so well as you did before, somehow,” replied her husband.

“Oh, its impossible the lady should ever look well in any thing, while she makes such faces,” replied the friseur.

“Haven’t you got a black wig in the house?” asked the weeping frigit.

“No, Ma'am; I've only an auburn and a brown.”

“Well; then, what can I do? I shall catch my death now my hair's cut off. What a fool I've been! Why, I don't know myself, I declare!—How much does this frightful thing come to?”

“It's a real bargain at three guineas; but as you don't seem to like it, I sha'n't charge more for the wig, and only half-a-crown for *cutting*.”

“Half a crown! you imposing rascal? I'd sooner go to law than pay you,” replied the enraged cit; “you'd more need down on your knees, and beg my wife's pardon for making her such an object.”

“She

"She never looked *younger* and better in her life," returned the friseur. "Give me five guineas and a half for the two wigs, and I won't charge any thing for cutting either the lady or the young gentleman."

This point of generosity abated the cit's wrath; he chucked down the money—his wife dried her tears, and arm in arm they walked, slowly out of the shop, she in her *flaxen-wig*, shading a *bronzé countenance*, and he in *black whiskers*, curling over a *sandy beard*, while poor Jackey, as bare-headed as a cuckoo, had nothing left to curl except his *unhemmed ears*.

Ye Gods! how I laughed when the shop-door closed upon these three frights!

"If it was not for the whims and follies

of the age, how would one half of the world live?" said I.

"True," replied Monsieur Friz, pocketing the shiners, and walking deliberately away; but as I had not yet done with my ludicrous group, and wishing for a little more mirth at the expence of their folly, I walked deliberately after them.

THE VICTIMS OF FASHION.



THEY had not proceeded above an hundred yards, when the metamorphosed couple bowed to a gentleman, with whom, from their mode of salutation, they appeared intimately acquainted.

The stranger returned a bow of civility and was passing on, when the cit caught him by the button, exclaiming, "Halloo, Ned!—what you're grown so proud now you're come to Margate, you pretend not to know a body."

"Pardon me, Sir," replied the stranger, "you have the advantage of me; I don't recollect your person."

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"What,

"What, have you forgot *Peter Pay-for't*?" answered the cit. "Ha! ha! ha! what, you don't know spousy and I in our *new wigs*, I suppose? That's a neat joke, enough!"

The stranger started with surprize. "God bless my soul, friend, how you are both altered! Have you been ill, Ma'am?"

"Oh, no, Sir," replied the poor chagrined lady, tears trembling in her eye; "I have had my hair cut off for the *fashion*, but I little thought it would alter me, as it has done. I wish to God—— But it don't signify vexing, now it's done. Now, tell me, honestly, if you think I look any better than I did?"

"Upon my honour, *Mrs. Pay-for't*, if you'll excuse my freedom, as you request my candid opinion, I never saw you look worse

worsen my life; the wig is so horrid a contrast to your complexion;—a black one, indeed, might have become you better.”

“Aye, so I told the *cropping-man*; but he had got never a one, so I was obliged to have this; and now, I’m mortified to the very soul—I could break my heart, almost!”

Here the lady’s articulation seemed choked, and she was compelled to draw her handkerchief.

—“And is this Jackey, too?” continued the stranger. “Why, the poor child is an absolute object; I never saw any thing to equal him.”

“Why, he looks a little queer, just at first, to be sure,” replied the mortified lady, “but he’ll soon get over it.”

cit; "but, what d'ye think of me?—
Do I look any better?"

"No;—by G—d, my dear fellow,
you look like a Jew clothes-man; never
was you more completely disguised.
When you wore your neat, flaxen bob,
you looked like a respectable citizen; but
now, you're an absolute *caricature*."

"The devil, I am!" cried Peter.
"Egad, I'm out of conceit with myself;
I do believe I have been grossly imposed
on; and as to my poor wife, she's a mar-
tyr. I'll tell you what?—a thought
strikes me, a devilish good one, too—I
can manage it:—what think you of cut-
ting off these d—d troublesome whiskers,
and changing wigs with my spouse—
hey? Don't you think that's a good
plan? Nobody won't know the odds;
so, come along, wife, let's get home the
back

back way, as fast as we can ; lōpe your bonnet over your face, and I'll slouch my hat, and we'll brush along, and *hide* ourselves. So, God bless you, Ned—come and drink a bottle with me this evening, and give us your opinion of the change.”

The stranger promised, shook hands, and parted, while the derided, and duped couple shuffled on, with their heads drooping like bulrushes ; and, positively, in the evening I met them in the library, as merry as larks, perfectly reconciled. *Mrs. Pay-for't* exhibiting in her husband's wig, which she had judiciously divested of its whiskers, and Peter bedizened in her flaxen Calypso, twining in sportive cork-screw ringlets under the shade of a *small cocked hat*, while Jackey and his ears afforded the company equal diversion.

Thus had these ridiculous people subjected

jected themselves to the most opprobrious derision, equally the victims of extortion and vexation, while the idle expenditure of five guineas and a half had not offered them one iota of satisfaction; but they were, to be sure, in the *fashion*; and that accounts for the system of folly, as it reconciles its weak-minded pupils.

And now, my dear friend, I have the pleasure to inform you, that I have just received from the printer a copy of the first volume of the *Journal of the Proceedings of the Society of the Friends of the African Slave*. It is a volume of considerable length, and contains a great deal of interesting and useful information. I have the honor to enclose it to you, and I am, my dear friend, very respectfully,
 Your obedient servant,
 Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

THE

THE WITCHES.

RUMINATING homewards, to dinner, my cane touched a folded paper, which Trudge perceiving, applied his olfactory nerve, but it did not appear worthy his attention. So, stooping to examine it, I perceived it was a letter which, probably, had been enveloped, for there was no direction, otherwise, I had scorned the meanness of gratifying my curiosity.

Now, it has been observed, that, "He who looks always upwards, will never find any thing under his feet." So, occasionally, I look on all the four elements: the balmy refreshing air, the delightful expanse
of

of sea, the social cheering fire, and the cleanly safe earth, that supports my wandering step; and thus, having fixed my eyes on the latter element, there I found a prize.

“A prize!” exclaims the miser. “A heavy bank-note, perchance?” and his fingers feel in motion to grasp the treasure.

No such thing, it was a curiosity; it was a picture that ought to have been framed, for the benefit of ages to come.

“A picture!” exclaims the sprightly impatient miss, who has laughed at, or execrated the varying page. “A miniature, dropped from some lady’s bosom or pocket, I dare say?”

No, that’s not it;—its a puzzle.

“Then,

“ Then, I shall never make it out,”
continues my fair pouter.

Indeed, I scarce know to whom it would be so acceptable as a conjuror, though it was not formed by one; for, having awakened the curiosity of my fair readers, it is now necessary to inform them, it was no other than a numerous assemblage of *witches*, grouped on a sheet of paper, which, for the edification of the *non-conjurera*, I shall present as I found them.

“ MY DEAR FELLOW,

“ When I departed from London, *witch* was very dusty, I threw myself into a *po-shay*, *witch* I found very comfortable; *witch*, in rattling over the stones, *witch* was very rough, I fell into a doze, *witch* was very refreshing; out of *witch*, when I waked, I found myself at Dartford,

ford, *witch* surprized me very much ; so, I alighted to breakfast, *witch* I stood much in need of ; and the landlord happening to be a man *witch* I knew formerly, made it very agreeable; *witch* served to pass a pleasant hour; and he having a dog, *witch* was a great favourite, *witch* he was going to send in a basket *witch* was to be fastened on the first coach *witch* was going that way, I offered to take him in my *shay*, *witch* much obliged mine host, *witch* was a very civil man, *witch* I shall always respect for his civility, *witch* I sha'n't forget to recommend to any friend *witch* may travel this road, *witch* I think a very pleasant one. I was not so much fatigued as I expected, *witch* was wonderful, and I slept at the George inn, Sittingbourn, *witch* I think equally as good a house as the Rose, *witch* many people prefer, *witch* I think mere prejudice. So, proceeding
 next

next morning to Canterbury, *witch* I think a dull place, I got to Margate in the evening, *witch* I found extremely crowded, *witch* is a good thing for the people *witch* take boarders, *witch* must expect to pay a good price, *witch* nobody ought to grumble at *witch* take pleasure. I shall write you another letter soon, *witch* shall contain all *witch* I can pick up *witch* may amuse you.—Remember me to all friends *witch* enquire for me. Adieu; I am on the wing towards Pegwell, to partake a *sandwitch*; so, excuse haste, and believe me, your's most truly,

“IGNORAMUS.”

Oh, what a formidable assemblage of *witches*! for instance, the catalogue, consisting of the undernamed *thirty four*: viz.

The London *witch*

The rough *witch*

The post chaise *witch*

The dozing *witch*

The comfortable *witch*

The refreshing *witch*

The

The Dartford witch	The Rose witch
The breakfast witch	The preferable witch
The man witch	The Canterbury witch
The agreeable witch	The evening witch
The dog witch	The exceeding witch
The favourite witch	The people's witch
The coach witch	The boarders witch
The chaise witch	The price witch
The host witch	The grumbling witch
The civil witch	The letter witch
The friendly witch	All the witches
The road witch	The amusing witch
The expected witch	The friend's witch
The Sittingbourn witch	The sandwich

And had not the paper been full, and the goose-quill worn to the stump in the service of so many witches, Heaven knows how many more might have formed this body corporate.

Surely, the reader comprehends my idea of framing such a curiosity, for the benefit of the rising generation, as a
stimulus.

stimulus to the glorious principles of education ; whereas, this offspring of ignorance was totally incapable of forming a letter, without summoning to his aid a host of witches, to combine an olio of nonsense, in *which* you'll find the dregs of ignorance—the gall of perversity, blended with the opiate of stupidity, so mingled, that the wand of the most powerful magician could scarcely effect its analysis.

Such was the curious scrawl I picked up, which was evidently the composition of a *lump* of *animated ignorance*, which any body is welcome to improve upon, -condemning or applauding my hint, on the score of attention to orthography, -one of the most *elegant*, yet most *abused* sciences.

THE PORTRAIT.

CALLING at the library, after dinner, to take a peep at Crazy Jessy's subscription, and, likewise, to inform Mr. W—— my intention of quitting this region of dissipation in the course of a few days, as I found my health perfectly established; I perceived a group of company assembled in one corner, passing their comments on the exquisite portrait of a public and well-known character; and, as nineteen people possess, and in general, avow, nineteen different opinions on the same subject, I attentively obtained the following definition of a likeness:

“ Good

“Good God, what a square forehead! Lord, what a pug nose! It bears no more resemblance to the original, than it does to me.—What flaps he’s got to his ears!—how full-eyed!—and his mouth drops so much at the corners. Do observe, the olive tinge of his complexion bears a death-like colour, and the mole on his cheek looks just like a *bug*.”

“Look at the dark place under his nose, like a snuff-mark,” cried another *judge*.

“Pooh! you don’t understand painting;—that’s the effect of shade.”

I advanced. Nature and my own humble judgment told me, instantly, the name of the original, without a question; it was an admirable *chef d’oeuvre* of the artist—it was almost animated canvas.

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“Its an execrable daub,” said a quizzing old peer; “I would not disgrace my attics with such trumpery; its as stiff in attitude as a sign-post; the fellow ought to be shot for spoiling a set of good colours, and wasting his time;—he’s a pretty fellow for an R. A.—Shiss!—shiss!—shiss!—cover it up!—cover it up!—hide it!—it gives me the blue devils, to see mankind so grossly insulted and imposed upon. Poor weak creatures—poor, stupid idiots! If a shilling would purchase it, damme if I’d suffer it to hang in my *piggery*.”

“I don’t know what *judge* your Grace is allowed to be,” said a by-stander, “but I never saw a stronger resemblance, or a more meritorious production of the pencil.”

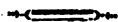
“You’re an amateur of country sign-painting,

painting, I presume," returned the peer, with disdainful glance.

"No, my Lord Duke, I'm an impartialist."

The peer turned hastily away; and as a *great* man's opinion frequently bears a *great* weight with a light brain, most of the spectators acceded to his Grace's decision, and the portrait was condemned to a more obscure situation, where, by the by, it received additional beauty and lustre; and whenever Mr. W—— discovered a real amateur admiring its perfection, he always took care to observe his Grace the Duke of —— execrated it as a daub, whereby the laugh of criticism amply revenged the exhibitor, by retailing an eminent portion of ridicule on the Duke's taste and judgment, whose name on the *knowing list*, was ever after distinguished by a blot.

THE LYRE.



I WAS counting the benefaction-list, perched on a high stool, when an elegant woman of fashion came into the repository to inquire for a lyre.

“ I should suppose for ten or fifteen guineas, I could get a capital one,” said she.

Mr. W—— assured her, he would write immediately to London for one of the best and handsomest he could get, and return her ladyship an answer as early as possible; not doubting but he could supply her wish.

The

The lady vaulted into her carriage, and drove off—the commission was booked—and in a few minutes after, the repository was vacated by every soul, except myself and an uncouth countryman, something similar in appearance to the celebrated Cymon.

“ Please your honour,” said he, addressing Mr. W——, “ I wants to make bold to *ax* a *questin*. I hope no offence; but a man’s glad, now-a-days, to turn his head or hand to anything.”

“ Well, and what’s your question?” said Mr. W——.

“ Why, Sir, I heard yon lady *ax* for a *liar*; now, as I be a desperate hand at lying, and was always *notified* for it, I should like to prefer my *sarvices*, and *arr* the fifteen guineas, without troubling you

to send to *Lunnun*; for you won't get a better *liar* than me all the world over, if the lady thinks I be but *handsome* enough. So, if your honour would but speak up for me, I might get the place; and, I warrant you, I'd do my duty. I'd *lie* from sun-rise to midnight; for my *vention* is like unto a weed, it springs in *no time*."

Mr. W—— burst into a downright horse-laugh, in the fellow's face.

"Why, you simple booby," replied he, "do you suppose a woman of quality would require a *live liar* as part of her equipage? No, no! she wants a dead one."

"Aye, but I've no mind to die—so that won't answer," returned the disappointed clown; "but I should like,"
continued

continued he, "to know what sort of a *liar* she does want."

"Why, one in the shape of a horse-shoe, that can play a beautiful tune."

"Oh, then I bea'nt a proper sort of a *liar*, I suppose, for I be nothing like a *horse-shoe*, nor I can't play no tune; you want such a kind of body as old Margery, the witch; she's bent pretty much in the shape of a horse-shoe, and she plays the fiddle, and the jew's-harp rarely; but as to beauty, she's no great *strikes*, now-a-days, no more than I. Howsever, an you think I bea'nt the *thing*, why, your servant."

So dashing his hat on his head with the *palm* of his hand, away he lounged, quite angry, and mortified at being rejected as the most complete *liar* in Margate.

Few men are fond of acknowledging their defects, but this simple boor imagining it constituted his most eminent perfection, was willing to make a penny of his *abilities*, unsuspecting of the vices he developed, and the title with which he had branded himself

SAUCER SENTIMENTS.



PASSING the parlour-window of a small house in Prince's Crescent, I had a full view of a *snug* party drinking tea, about half past four, while the beau monde were lunching.

Here, ranged on the polished claw-table, stood the tea-equipage—the blue-glass sugar-dish—the pewter benders—the tin tea-pot—and a row of cups, for each individual was sipping their tea, like *a cat*, out of a saucer, which being nearly boiling hot, some scalded their mouths, and some, more cautious, were blowing out their cheeks like a couple of bladders,

to chill the scalding potion, while the milky circles of the cup-bottoms, and their useless tea-spoons, were sprawled over the glossy surface of the table, as unnecessary articles, compared to the delicious indulgence of a slip-slop saucer.

Now, what would become of these devotees enjoyment if there were no saucers in the house? They must, then, literally, have a *dish* of tea, said I to myself. Well, its astonishing how some people seek inconvenience; whereas, if the cup was kept in its appropriate saucer, or stand, and the tea cooled by the evolutions of the spoon, the cloaths would neither be soiled by the falling drops, nor the palate scalded; and neither cup or spoon would encumber or injure the tea-board, or table.

“ But that’s not comfortable,” says the
washerwoman.—

washerwoman.—"Give me my tea in a *sarcer*; there I can *tuck my fore-finger over the edge* of it, and hold fast;—a cup is so troublesome, slipping about, one can't tilt one's nose into it."

Thus argues the *head-class* of tea-table *votaries*, who, over their black bohea, with brown moist sugar, and their thick rounds of butter-soaked toast, sip and **blow** over their *sarcers*:—who so happy?

The companion, therefore, of a *bundle*, is, in my opinion, a *saucer*, being the equal favourite appendage of vulgarity; and I can as equally define a vulgar man, by only seeing him take a draught from a porter-pot. "Here's to you," says he, lifting his elbow *horizontally* with his shoulder, and down he gulphs the heady drop. "He's *no gentleman*," says perspicuity—his manners are too gross: as a

low punster, he may be *king* of an *ale-house*, but he can never expect to arrive at a higher station ; or, at least, if fortune casts the lucky die in his path, he will never be other than an object of ridicule to his superiors, and an object of pity in the eye of the discerning class of mankind.

If any *saucer-sipper* should ruminare on my sentiments, and agree in my opinion, I shall think this page not unworthy an attentive perusal.

THE MAD GIRL'S FORTUNE.



It now wanted but one day of my departure from Margate, from whence I had determined returning as I came, that I might fulfil my promises on the road ; when I conceived it high time to close Crazy Jessy's subscription at the library, and leave an ample voucher in the hands of Mr. W—, with a compensation for his trouble, to secure the money, and convey it to the distressed family.

On calculating the beneficent list, there appeared a net profit of fifty pounds. How I was delighted, when I placed the charitable loan in my pocket-book ? “ And

D 6.

as

as honesty's guarantee," said I, clasping the strap, "shall every mite be faithfully dropped into the yarn apron of Alice Morland."

"Would to God I may find Jessy restored to reason!" ejaculated I; "but, alas! I almost despair. This temporary estate will, however, supply the family exigence, if it imparts no comfort to her wounded spirit."

"You are leaving us early," said Mr. W—. "Does not the fine weather tempt you to enjoy the sea-breezes a little longer?"

"No," replied I, "I have much business to arrange in my way home, which will, at least, beguile another week; and by that time my presence in the metropolis will be indispensable. But I have yet one necessary concern to establish before

fore my departure, which is, to frame a copy of public thanks, in the most grateful terms, to which I shall procure dame Alice's signature, for the gratification of the liberal benefactors, whose subjoined mites have emitted the joyful ray of plenty on the downcast children of poverty."

"That's an excellent idea," replied Mr. W—; "and depend on my attention to its publicity, the moment it returns from Canterbury."

"The widow and orphan's prayers will reward you," said I, taking up my cane, and wishing him a continuance of health and happiness, till we met again.

The good man seemed pleasingly affected; I felt the same instinct.

"Trudge and I shall depart by sunrise,"

62

PEDESTRIAN!

rise," said I, "for we are the happy inseparables."

Again we shook hands; and once more bidding him adieu, I walked slowly towards the Fort.

THE

THE ELOPED SHELL-PICKER.

HERE at her door I found the protectress of Ragged Jenny inquiring after whom, I learned she had eloped above a week; but how, or with whom, seemed impossible to define.

“The little witch wanted no *red-scarlet* cloak to pick shells in,” said I.

“No,” replied the old woman, “I fancy she’s gone to seek a better with somebody who told her she had got pretty black eyes, that would fetch her a good penny; for she was all agog, ever after; but she’ll pay sauce for it—she’ll wish herself back again in my comfortable

comfortable cottage, before she dies yet; the black-cow (as the saying is) will give her a nip of the toe sooner, or later; for she's a wicked inclined hussey, or she would not have put herself in a *man's power*, when one half of them en't no better than they *should be*, and t'other half are good *for nothing*. Aye! aye! she'll bring her pigs to a *Saturday-night's market*, and lump them rather than keep them for the dunghill; but it is no business of mine; I *never* give my opinion—I never say nothing; but this I will say, she was an ungrateful slut to me. However, if she should be *lucky* enough to get a good settlement, why, she may come down here again, and make me amends with a few odd guineas, perhaps; and then we shall be better friends than ever."

"And so, for the sake of the profit, you would encourage the wretched girl in the
most

most vicious mode of life. For shame; old woman ! you was never a mother, I'm sure; and God forbid you ever should be."

"I never mean it, or wish it," replied the old woman, highly nettled by my reproof, turning abruptly into her habitation, and slamming the door in my face.

The elopement of a shell-picker needs no comment; the girl, possessing a high spirit, which would not brook restriction, recollected she had all the world before her; more poverty-struck she could not be in any situation, and the voice of flattery had conjured up such magic scenes of never-fading bliss, that her dazzled senses yielded to the decoy; it is therefore by no means astonishing, that she should prefer the pleasures of luxury to the misery of a hovel, where nakedness and starvation were her daily portion; and
yet,

yet, 'tis more than probable, this poor deluded victim of credulity, may one day wish herself again shell-picking with a heart of innocence, than decked in gaudy finery, oppressed with the burthen of a guilty conscience, and a vicious mind.

THE PARTING TEAR.

THE next morning, it occurred to me that I would call on the manager, and inquire Malvini's address, that I might bid her adieu.

The hour of rehearsal was just over, and he met me at the door.

I inquired for Malvini; she was in the house engaged with the actors, and Ricardo was practising.

"And what say the world of her abilities?" asked I.

"They have only one opinion," answered:

swered he, " which they manifest by an overflowing house every night. She's the best performer I ever engaged ; but I fear I shall not keep her ; for, would you believe, she has already rejected the corner of a coroneted coach ? And it is reported also, that a seat in the splendid curricule of a noble peer is offered to her acceptance ; but at present, I have every reason to believe, her virtue is as eminent as her beauty and talents ; for, with the addition of dress, she is a most lovely elegant figure."

" Poor unprotected emigrant ; may the shield of thy guardian angel preserve thee from the snares of temptation," cried I.

" She shall in me find a friend and father," replied the manager ; " and as to Ricardo, he is indeed the child of promise, and will in time obtain as many laurels

Laurels as his fascinating sister. His genius is so prolific, his temper so amiable, his form so graceful, and his countenance so interesting, that, when attired as a Cupid, you'd swear he was in reality the little deity of love. In short, I am so highly satisfied with your recommendation, that I have only to return you grateful thanks for the obligation conferred. I will now fetch Malvini, to express her acknowledgments, though I am well aware, she will faithfully regret your departure. I forgot to tell you, she is studying the English language, in which she makes as much improvement as I can expect; so that, by next season, I hope, she will be proficient enough to perform any character, of which her present accent deprives her."

The door closed, the manager had withdrawn, and my heart was beating with
with

wicked man ; but he was no make Malvini blush to look you in the de face, and see you frown upon her.”

“ Promise me to be faithful and firm, Malvini, and while you never deviate from the principles of virtue, you shall find me a second parent. Be grateful and obedient to your present protector, and, when you return with him to London, he will direct you to my house, where you shall ever find a welcome ; for, while you so eminently deserve it, I will never desert you.”

“ Good, good friend !” said she, kissing my hand ; “ before you was go, bless me, and dear Ricardo.”

The boy clung round my arm—I kissed his snowy forehead—our tears sympathetically mingled—“ God bless you Ricardo.”

cardo." The boy affectionately pressed my hand as I arose; Malvini grasped the other, with trembling energy; and summoning all my fortitude, I tore myself away.

A STRING OF COMMISSIONS.



RETURNING home to order my dinner, and request mine hostess to draw out my account, it struck me I had better apprize Susan of my return, as near as I possibly could fix the day, in order that when I rapped at the door, I might not flurry her poor weak bowels, and make her trot about two-double, as I had often seen her, when her nervous system has been affected by surprise; so penning a short scrawl, I conveyed it to the post-house, and in crossing the way, who should dart upon me but Mrs. Gull, who I had no sooner informed of my intention of departing early in the morning, than she made me the following request:

“ Could

“ Could you take a trifle for me to London ? ”

“ I am a pedestrian traveller, Madam. ”

“ What did you say ? A what ?—*A presbyterian* traveller ?—I never heard of such a thing—I don’t know what you mean. You are not a travelling *extrumpery* parson, to be sure. ”

“ No, Madam, ” said I, laughing ; “ I am a pedestrian ; that is to say, I travel on foot. ”

“ What ! walk alone to London for pleasure ? What a queer man. Don’t you love a *po-shay*, or a stage-coach, or a trip in the hoy ? That’s a *very agreeable* way, for a change. ”

“ No, Madam, I prefer rambling—I

love to contemplate Nature; and I cannot do that, confined in a whirling vehicle, half so pleasantly."

"Oh, but there's a deal of *fun* in a stage-coach, or a hoy; it makes time pass so merry. Well, but then you can't carry *nothing* for me, of course; but if you'll take a short message to our folks in Barbican, that will do as well. Ask for old Nanny, will ye, she's a little, *crooked, one-eyed* woman; with a *wen* under her chin, *yellowish* skin, and *pegged* with the small-pox pretty much; so you'll easily know her, from my description.—Well, then, tell her I am *charming*; and that I don't know when I shall come back into the *stink* of *Lunnun*; and that I have been up to my ears pickling samphire, and potting *srimps* and *lopsters* to bring home for winter use; and that I desire she'll make a gallon of currant jelly, and do
all

all my *persarves* as usual; and that I beg she'll turn *my legs of pork*, and *my pig's* cheeks; and likewise that she will send to the man to destroy and clean out the *bugs*, and rub the *postesses* well with *in-guns*. Oh! and tell her to get all the great wash out of the way as fast as she can, and scrub the house down thoroughly, and clean the windows, and lay down the carpets, and * * * * ”

Here she was galloping on with her commissions, when I thought it high time to snap the string, by requesting she would write down her commands, which in the course of a week I might be able to deliver to the yellow-skinned, pock-fretten, crooked-backed woman, with one eye, and a wen under her chin.

“ Bless me,” answered Mrs. Gull, “ if you have got such a memory in regard to

her person, you cannot forget the rest of the message; for I've no time to write."

"Then, Madam, I must copy the heads in my pocket-book, for I have so much business to transact, I shall never recollect half.—Let me see, after the description of old Nanny, who I have safe in *my eye*, I must say, *you are charming*—then follows pickled samphire—potted shrimps and lobsters—and then *her orders* on currant jelly—preserves—legs of pork—pigs cheeks—bugs—to onion the bed-posts—get up the great wash—scrub the house—clean the windows—lay down the carpets—any thing more, Ma'am?"

"No, Sir, that's a plenty; that will employ Nanny pretty well till I come home; so, good morning, Sir—a pleasant journey to you—we shall send you an invitation to Barbican, when we get home: but *this*
here

here place is so delightful, *hairy*, and *slubbers*, that upon my word it seems to me like the *Legion* fields; so I shall be in no hurry to bundle myself off to the *metropolisk*; and *Ornsey* will never suit me now, it will seem so dull. Apropos, how did the *pig* relish? I bred it *myself*; it was but small, to be sure."

"Oh, it was quite *large enough*, Ma'am; and I hope the girl returned you my thanks."

"Oh, yes; she said you seemed quite pleased, for you laughed, and was so delighted. I was always *notified* for a *pig-breeder*."

"I never saw its fellow, Madam," returned I. "I would have defied any body to *match it*, if they'd gone England over."

“ Well, so long as you was pleased, that's enough—Good by, once more—God bless you.”

I bowed, the lady waddled off, and most probably we shall never meet again, thought I. However, I must deliver my string of commissions to old Nanny aforesaid; and whether she executes them or not, will be no farther business of mine.

So home I went to dinner, packed Susan's presents in my little satchel, defrayed my expences, and took leave of my civil hostess.

A RIGHT AND LEFT ARGUMENT.



“PRAY ye, Sir, can you tell *I* which be the way to Pegwell, *I*se got a *bit* of a brother lives there,” said a scratch-pole clod-hopper, as I was sitting at the window; drinking my wine, with my beloved pen and ink at my right hand, and my clothes-brush at my left.

“Take the first turning on your right hand, friend,” replied I.

“Aye,” cried he, grinning; “but I don’t exactly know, which is my *right*-hand, hardly; an he be this, Sir?” stretching out his *left*.

“No,” said I, “that’s just contrary; Pegwell will lay on that side when you come back; but now, of course, you must turn the other side.”

“But how can that be,” asked the lout; “if this here’s my *right hand* now, how the deuce will he be my *left* when I comes back?”

“Not so,” said I, “they will still remain the same.”

“Why, now I think on’t, they can’t *change* places well, neither; and yet, dang it, when I turns myself round, my hands always *change* so plaguily, that I never can tell how it is—²Drabbit it, if I had but *one* hand, I should not be puzzled; and yet I might, too, if any body was to say turn to your left, and I had not got never a one, what must I do then? I could never go but *one* way, all my life.”

“This

“This is your right hand,” cried I,
“and this your left; now turn round,
and your side will be changed.”

“O, -aye, now I know,” replied he;
“yes! yes! now my *left* hand is on my
right side, that’s the sort.”

I laughed heartily at the fellow’s non-comprehension; for it seemed impossible to make him understand; and he was turning exactly the contrary way, when I called him back, once more repeating, he must turn to the right.

“Well, doan’t, Sir, say no more about right and left, pray ye, but just point the way, wool ye be so kind, and I’ll bring myself back, I warrant ye. Stop, Ise got a piece of string in my pocket, and I’ll tye it round my right hand, and then I shall know which be which.”

“You have a mole on your wrist,” cried I, as he bared his arm; “that’s a sufficient distinction.”

“Aye, so ’tis,” replied he. “I dare say when *God-a-mighty* made I, he clapped it *on a purpose*, cause he knowed, my being the youngest, I was made up of the odds and ends of the family, like—the more’s the pity.”

“Then now,” said I, “keep your eye on the mole, and then you’ll be right.”

“So I wool, Sir,” answered he; “but I *maun’t* look on him as I come back; I must pitch my eye on t’other *paw*, then.”

So off he sat, contemplating the mole as the only stimulus to preserve his recollection. I have often heard it quoted, that a “man was so ignorant, he did not
know

know his right hand from his left," but I never before met with a proof-positive; nor could I believe there was a human being so devoid of the common principles of understanding, till I met with this uncouth *excrescence* of nature.

KITTY'S LARUM.



WHEN Kitty, the chambermaid, rapped at my door, as the clock sounded six direct strokes, she bawled through the key-hole the following phrase :

“ Sir, its six o'clock—it rains *cats* and *dogs*—you can't attempt to stir a peg—you'll be drown'd if you do—its as *much* as your *head's worth* to pop your nose out of doors—the road's all in a *flux*, and the *wind* is as high—as high as any thing.”

The bed shook with my convulsive laugh.—“ I'm coming, Kitty; get my coffee,” replied I.

The

The disconcerted menial knocked her shoe-heels loudly along the gallery, grumbling as she went, about the folly and obstinacy of man; so leaping out of bed, and perceiving her intelligence to be partly founded on fact, I determined while I was dressing, to take the stage, till the rain abated.

Kitty, who met me at the parlour-door with my coffee, much applauded my scheme, and ran *yelping* to Will Ostler, to hail the first coach that passed; which driving up by the time I had finished my breakfast, I rewarded Kitty's diligence, popped Trudge into the boot, and stepping into the vehicle, after bargaining with the coachman for my fare to Canterbury, I tucked myself snugly into a vacant corner—and away we span.

THE MAN WITH TWO TONGUES.



IN the opposite corners, sat a dozing farmer, and an ignorant country wench; and on my side was a plump, rosy-checked, smirking, middle-aged woman, whom, from her appearance, I took to be some jocular Wapping landlady, returned from a summer jaunt.

The former, from the influence of sleep, was, of course, no company; and the girl appeared, with a stupid gaze, to be earnestly counting the hedges, as they seemingly whirled past her; so that the plump, chatty dame, and myself, were the only gossips.

The

The tongue and invention of a woman being always in motion, she had not eyed me two minutes before she thus commenced acquaintance.

“Come, Sir, sit close—don’t be *afeard*, you won’t *scroudge* me—I bean’t one of the fine-lady sort, as minds trifles—I loves to accommodate a fellow-traveller. *My eye*, what a wet morning it is! the roads are all of a *custard*.—Its just such a morning as it was the eighteenth of last September, when I set off from my sister *Cut-a-dash*—I dare say you know *Citizen Cut-a-dash, my brother-in-law?*—Well, his wife is my own *half-sister*; but we can’t much alike, for you see I am a plain body, and have got three children to work for.—I keeps a farm; and I being a *viddur*, you see, my brother-in-law got my eldest boy a birth at sea; and having a great interest in the city, and
being

being a *notified* man, he clapped my Sammy in the *blue-cud* school—for there's nothing like *making use* of one's rich relations. Lauk! what grand doings they have, for they gives *gurlors*, and *fates*, and eight o'clock *mock-turkle* dinners, and public *breakfastesses*; and sometimes they have a pack of nobility, and kick up a dance. I'm sure, last March, when I went to pay them a *visit*, I was *stuck* upon *fuzzes* the whole time, for there was such bustling; and Fanny, she wanted me to make my appearance in the *bawl-room*.—No, no, sister, says I, leave me alone, I'll sup in the parlour; and before I go to bed, I'll peep in at the door to see the fun, a bit—nobody won't think who I am. 'Lord!' says Fanny, says she, 'do sister,' says she, 'let my maid dress you in some of my cloaths, and I'll lend you a cap and feathers; you need only sit by my side, and

and *fan* yourself, and *bend*, if any body speaks to you."

"Lord, love you," says I—"I could not sit *bending* and *nodding*, like a bul-rush, not I;—and as to lending me a feather, bless your heart, I'd rather keep them in my own farm-yard—they're worth more to me there, than them fine blue ones upon your head. So she laughed at me, and so did her daughter; but, however, I enjoyed myself in my way as much as they did, for I whipped off into the kitchen, and there I *axed* the man-cook to toss me up a *rump-steak*, and *shallots*, for my *supper*; and, to be sure, I had it in perfection, with a pint of beer, and a glass of *gin* and water; and away I went to bed in the midst of all the *whee-wha-ing* and *tattooing*, while my sister was carried to her chamber, fainting away with heat and fatigue. I'm sure I never was more
gladder

gladder to get home again, for I never got in or out of bed, without the danger of breaking my neck up and down the *steps*; and as to the *cheers*, I had a plaster of gold-beater's skin upon both my elbows, for a week, with knocking them against the confounded gilt frames; and such a *rumpion* in my bowels, the whole time I staid, with the plaguey French wines and *Hices*, that the Lord deliver me from such *puggatory*, in a hurry; but, as I was saying, about the wetness of this morning, putting me in mind of the eighteenth of September, when I was travelling from London, we had just such an agreeable-looking gentleman as yourself in the coach."

I bowed: the loquacious dame gave me a slap on the shoulder, and thus proceeded:—

"Yes,

“Yes, that we had; and he was what I call a *projerdy* of a man, for he had *two* tongues.”

“Two tongues !” replied I.

“Yes; for he had a Scotch tongue, and an Irish tongue; and one minute he made a *Paddy* of himself, and the next minute he was a *complete Sawney*.”

“Oh! he spoke two languages,” answered I.

“I can’t tell how he did it; but he certainly had two tongues.”

“Pardon me, Madam, you might as well assert, that a professor of languages had half a dozen tongues.”

“*Wel*, if he had not *two* tongues, he had a *double* one, at least.”

“If

“If he had, Madam, he most likely wouldn't have been able to speak at all,” replied I.

“Well, he might, or he might not,” continued she; “but I *called* him the man with two tongues; I'm sure he made me laugh till I burst my stay-lace, and got a stitch in my side.—I'm sure I ought to remember it, for I had a Burgandy pitch plaster all over the place, for three weeks afterwards.”

Such was this lady's definition of a man with *two tongues*; but as she found her argument confuted in one point, she was determined to clack away upon *family* topics, which were beyond my power of contradiction; but which, as they related to private and unknown characters, would afford my reader little amusement—I shall therefore suppress the recital, and proceed with my own adventures.

GOOD NEWS.



THE moment I alighted at Canterbury, the element cleared up; the sun broke out in full splendour, and seemed to welcome my arrival.

“I wonder,” said I to the waiter, as he entered with my breakfast, “I wonder if you ever heard of Crazy Jessy, old widow Morland’s poor unhappy daughter?”

“Oh, yes, Sir; I saw the girl, myself, only last Sunday, and she’s quite sensible again, only she looks pale and peaking.”

“How!” said I, “has she recovered her
her

her senses?—Do you know by what means they were restored?”

“Why, Sir, her sweetheart, as was reported to be dead, is come home safe and well, and the joy of it has fetched her wits back again. She was a *desperate pretty* wench before she went crazy.”

“Poor girl,” said I, “how my heart throbs with delight! What a happy meeting we shall enjoy! But, are you confident in your assertion?”

“So much so, good Sir, that I have shaken hands with her, and her sweetheart too.”

“Enough, friend,” replied I; “here’s half-a-crown for substantiating the joyful intelligence; and while you are drinking her health with it, I’ll exert my endeavours to promote her happiness.”

With

With what eager avidity I swallowed my scalding coffee. Trudge fawned around me—I longed to make him comprehend the joy with which my heart bounded; but as he was *only* a *dog*, the attempt would have been futile.

A PECK OF SHILLINGS.



WHEN I left Canterbury, I walked briskly on, ruminating o'er the happy intelligence, till I came within sight of the cottage; where the family group were, indeed, employed as industriously as bees.

Dame Alice was spinning — little Phoebe was darning a stocking—a young handsome-looking sailor was reading a love-ballad, while the interesting Jessy, whose knitting lay in her lap, reclined one arm over his shoulder, with her sweet languid eyes fixed on his face. She had exchanged her black gown, and the louis d'or was now fastened round her neck

neck with a blue ribband; her fine hair was no longer decked with straws and flowers, but a neat lawn cap modestly shaded its luxuriance; no frantic glance animated her eyes, they were mildly refulgent; they beamed with the gentle glow of peace and love; and a faint blush of returning health adorned a cheek of waxen hue, which had evidently been robbed of its roseate tints by the ravages of a severe indisposition.

Phœbe's eye first discovered my approach, and she gave the alarm. Dame Alice overset her wheel in the hurry of rising to receive me, and present her restored child.

“Oh, Jessy,” cried she, “this is the good gentleman who was so kind to us during your illness, and gave us the money for our rent. See, Sir, my darling

girl is quite restored to reason, *blessed* be God; but she is still weak and pale. Do walk in, Sir, and sit down, and I'll tell your honour all about her miraculous recovery."

I took Jessy's hand; it trembled with debility; I pressed it to my glowing heart; I fervently congratulated her recovery. She thanked me in the sweetest accent; expressed her gratitude for my late assistance to the family; and appeared perfectly collected.

"And this brave youth," said I, "is Henry Seymour, I presume?"

Jessy hung her head, and faintly smiled.

"Yes, that's he, indeed," replied old Alice. "But, walk in, and I'll tell your honour all the whole story."

"So

"So you shall," said I; "and then I'll tell you another you little suspect."

Phoebe handed me the best rush chair; and as we all formed a circle round Dame Morland, she thus began:

"As I said, your honour, this is our dear Henry *comed* home at last, safe and well; for, d'ye know, there was one of the shipmates of the same name, and that ~~caused~~ the mistake, and likened to have killed my poor girl; so, when he landed, he whipped his little bundle over his oak-stick, and off he *set, full tilt*, to see us all; and we was just a going to supper, ~~when~~ he raps, full of glee, at the case-ment, and in he bounced. Lauk-a-daisy, how we all *screech'd!* and Jessy fell out of her chair as dead as a stone. For my part, I thought it was his ghost; but when I told him what a state Jessy was

in, and all through his death, I thought he'd have gone mad too. So, while we was a talking, Jessy opened her eyes and looked at him, and screeched, and *kissed* him, and seemed to know him."

"Hush! mother," cried the blushing Jessy, "you need not tell every thing so particular; the gentleman will be tired of such a long story."

"What! you think she should not have mentioned the kisses—hey! Jessy?"

"Pooh!" cried the old woman, "let me tell it my own way; what's the harm of an innocent kiss? And so, Sir, then she fell on her knees, and lifted up her eyes to Heaven, God knows what she was a saying, or thinking about; but I fancy she was a praying, for she sat upon this damp brick floor a quarter of an hour, and never

never moved hand nor foot, looking just like a *putrified himage*; I never *seed* such a sight in my life. I'm sure, I thought she was struck deaf and dumb, and dead, and every thing; but at last she came to, and began to speak *waverish*, and then she cried heartily, and clung round Henry, and *squeedged* him, and *kissed* him over and over."

"Avast mother," cried the young sailor, "let me finish the story, for you seem out of breath."

"Aye, well; do as you like, boy. I know nothing about the ship, and the battle; I only know my dear child is come to herself again, and it shan't be my fault if she en't happy as long as she lives."

"With your blessing, my good mother,

ther, and our own industry, I trust we shall enjoy every earthly comfort," said Henry.

"At least, it will not be Jessy's fault," replied I, taking out my pocket-book; "for I have brought her wedding portion; and thus, as I faithfully vowed, I lay them in the *yarn apron* of widow Morland."

"And what means all these papers, your honour?" asked the astonished cottager, holding up her apron by the corners, as the bank-notes floated in her lap.

"They mean fifty pounds, which I have collected in charity at Margate for your benefit. Divide it, therefore, between yourself and Jessy; but first sign this paper of public thanks, that the world may know their generosity was not imposed on."

Not

Not a soul could speak. Their eyes were all fixed on the contents of the apron, and alternately they gazed on each other. At length Dame Morland, who still held the corners, dropped on her knees, and bursting into a flood of grateful tears, "Was there ever such another good man walked the earth?" cried she. "If you en't the *real* 'man after God's own heart,' there's no truth in the Bible. To be sure, you must have dropped from Heaven, to comfort poor strange creatures like us, though your honour did say you'd get us a trifle from Canterbury; but instead of a few shillings, as I expected, behold you, here's a *peck* of shillings, I warrant, if they were *measured*. Do please to take a few *bits* of *paper* for your trouble; there'll be enough and enough left for us, as long as we live."

The generous creature's artless entreaty and ideas, made me smile ; the notion of a *peck of shillings* diverted my fancy.

“ Oh ! my lucky yarn apron,” continued she, “ I’ve a good mind to sew it up into a bag, to keep my fortune in. Pray, your honour, be so kind to halve it, will you, between me and Jessy ; only let her have the biggest, if there’s any odds, because I can’t count, and then she can furnish a cottage with it, and live pretty, and keep a *pig*. Heart alive, what a thing it is to grow rich in a minute ; and all the while I’ve been talking, I doubt none of ye have said, thank ye, to his honour. I only wish he could *see my heart*, for it is as full as a tick, and I can’t find words, to say what I want ; so do, Henry, speak up a bit, you never stood half so sheepish at the mouth of a cannon, as you do now.”

“ True,

“ True, mother,” replied Henry, “ because I never *felt* as I do now. Courage makes a man’s tongue rattle, but, by George, gratitude cramps it into a nutshell, and I can’t make it wag for the soul of me. I’ll tell you what, mother, it may be like the shock of a *broadside* to you, but the blowing-up of a seventy-four could not have had half the effect on me that this noble gentleman’s present has done, and blessings shower on his worthy head. A sailor’s prayer is but a rough one, to be sure; but when it comes from the heart, *him* that hears it excuses all faults; and your honour shall never be forgotten in mine, if I make a *nota bene* on purpose.”

“ So do,” cried Alice. “ And now, as you can write, do set down what the gentleman wants, and I’ll make my mark. Phœbe, step to neighbour Bloom’s cottage

and borrow a pen and ink, for we a'n't worth such a thing in the world."

Away ran Phœbe; and, in the mean time, I decided with Henry, that Jessy should have thirty pounds on the day of marriage, and the widow the remaining twenty.

"What! Jessy and thirty pounds, too?" exclaimed Henry. "Oh! what would a man wish for more—she's treasure enough for a king; and, if it was not to increase the comforts of life for her, I would not touch a penny."

Jessy gave him such a look, it was worth a thousand kisses; but I believe my presence restricted the retaliated boon—add to which, Phœbe was returned with the apparatus, and two minutes completed the signature, which I sealed
and

and committed to the care of Henry, to convey to Canterbury, under cover, to Mr. W——.

It now only remained to wish this delighted group farewell, invoking health, happiness, and prosperity to crown their endeavours. The bridal day, it seems, awaited only the restoration of Jessy's health; and, as I left my address with Henry, I requested, when the happy event took place, that I might be informed of it. Promising which, I left the division of the *yarn-apron contents* to the management of the honest happy sailor, and departed, amidst thanks and blessings, with a heart eminently inflated with the most exquisite feelings of nature.

THE NINE-SIDED MAN.



WHEN I stopped at the turnpike, I found the man hallooing a direction in the ear of a deaf, and apparently indigent traveller, who limped away with a lame leg.

“That man is a curious being,” said I, “for he has got nine sides, I see; half of which seem not very desirable.”

“*Nine sides,*” exclaimed the turnpike-man; “I never heard of a man’s having more than two, in my life, unless he was a monster.”

“Why,

“Why, every man has *six*,” replied I, “but this poor fellow has three additional.”

“Aye, how d’ye make that out? Come tell us—I should like to hear you explain such a riddle—I like to live and learn, dearly—now for’t.”

“As thus,” said I; “you and myself are six-sided men, for we both have a *right-side* and a *left-side*—an *in-side* and an *out-side*—a *fore-side* and a *hind-side*; whereas yon traveller’s additional is, a *blind-side*, a *deaf-side*, and a *lame-side*; and thus, on casting up the account, he may properly be denominated a nine-sided man.”

“You are a queer genius,” replied he; “but you’ve made it out well; and what’s more, now I come to think on’t,
I’ll

I'll bet you a bottle I've a side more than you, belonging to me."

"Not attached to your body," said I, "for I presume you mean a *bacon-side*?"

"I do," cried he, laughing heartily at his own wit, for which my happy genius at that moment furnished me with the solution.

"You are a quizzical wag," answered he; "I thought to have dished you, but you are my match, I find; 'tis not often a turnpike-man's outwitted, though I have been hoaxed before now with a *lie*, or a *two-penny nod*. I caught a fellow once at that sort of fun, and he pretended it was a *trick* he had got of nodding; but, as I said to him, says I, its my opinion you're never taken with a nodding-fit, except you go through a turnpike;

so he laughed, and off he brushed—but I was a match for him—I always make the nodders tell their letters now, whether they ever learnt them, or not.”

“ Now,” said I, “ the first booby you meet with, lay him a bet you’ve got seven sides, and then you’ll not only have lived and learned, but profited by it into the bargain.”

“ So I will,” replied he, “ and drink your health in a bumper with the money.”

Some carriages now driving up, which demanded his attention, we shook hands and parted, he edified by the knowledge of having six sides, and I by the intimation that a nod is occasionally worth two-pence ; and that to a man of economy is an object.

MADGE'S KEEPSAKE.



AFTER I had parted from the turnpike-man, who should I meet jolting homewards in a neighbour's cart, but little Madge, the collect girl, and her mother; and instantly my conscience smote me that I had forgot my promise, which was actually the case, having whirled past her cottage when I was in the stage.

I hailed the driver, and Madgé knew me instantly.

“How d’ye do, Sir?” said her mother;
“I think you be the *cholicky* gentleman,
as spoke so kindly to our Madge; she
knows.

knows you again: Aye, Sir, your advice did her a world of good, for she comes on surprising ever since, and our Lady says she's *wondrously unproved*; so she has *yearnt* the sixpence you promised her, in spite of my thoughts."

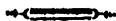
"Then she shall have a shilling," said I; "for I have got a nice bright new one, wrapped up in a paper on purpose for her."

While I was searching for my present, Madge jumped up in the cart, and spreading both hands over the peak of her stay, she made me a fine two-double courtesy, at which moment the horse giving a sudden kick, threw her off her equilibrium, and she pitched upon her nose; she was not, however, much hurt, and the sight of the dazzling shilling compensated the accident. So tying it up in the corner of her shawl, which she tucked down her bosom for safety,

safety, she thanked me prettily, and droppe me another courtesy, taking care by-the-by to hold fast by the rail of the cart, that she might not over-balance a second time.

Another fly giving old Dobbin a sharp nip, the man vociferated aloud "*keym-up,*" and away jolted Madge with her splendid keepsake, in memorial of the *cholicky gentleman*, as her mother stiled me ; though my old Susan would have flown like a tigress, and contradicted the assertion of such an odium being cast on her-master.

THE FEMALE PEDLAR.



"PLEASE to lay out a trifle," said a pretty young pedlar-girl, with her basket of sundries on her arm ; and, as she travelled along, her fingers kept pace with her feet, for she was rapidly knitting garters.

"And can you earn a livelihood by thus travelling?" said I.

"Oh ! yes, Sir ; I am going to Sitting-bourn, and I don't doubt disposing of all my stock ; for I have permission to call at the houses of several of the gentry, because I'm no common imposing pedlar. I make the greatest part of these pin-cushions, housewives, stay-laces, purses, garters,

garters, socks, &c. and so I come over from Canterbury once a quarter to sell them, for my poor mother is lame, and unable to work to support herself, and therefore it's my duty to take care of her; so that all my work affords me double pleasure, because 'tis for her comfort."

"And what is thy name, thou blest exemplary child?"

"My name is Angela, Sir. My poor mother is a widow; my father fell in the wars, and she has only me left in the world to take care of her; and so I strive early and late to do my best; and, thank God, we have never known the want of a morsel of bread, yet, and that's a blessing, you know, Sir."

"It is, good Angela; and the eye of Providence; which inspects the recesses
of

of the heart, will proportion the reward of its virtues. There are blessings in store for the sufferer ; there is a righteous judge whose clemency is abundant, and at whose tribunal the innocent and oppressed will ever find protection."

" So says our good parson," replied Angela ; " for my poor mother never misses her church, unless she keeps her bed ; and though she was so feeble and lame last Christmas, she never had one slip, but I'm sure I used to shake like a leaf for fear. Ah ! Sir, she's the best mother in the world ; and I never leave her night or day, but when I go to Sittingbourn, and then I shall be home by dusk. We never had an angry word in our lives ; and when she is but well, and in spirits, we are the happiest creatures upon earth. Lord, I would not marry and leave her, for the whole world, not even to be a Queen."

The

The energy with which the sweet girl spoke, seemed so sincere, I could have clasped her to my heart.

“ Amiable Angela, whenever thou art destined to be a mother, may *thy* offspring retaliate an equal blessing on thy heart, for a duteous and tender child is the richest gift of Heaven. From the profession of thy sentiments, even I, as a stranger, could almost worship thee ; let us, therefore, make purchase of some durable article, that when I look at it, I may recite to some pelican child, the virtues of the dutiful and exemplary Angela.”

“ Oh ! Sir,” replied the dear girl, “ what a wicked heart would mine be, if I did not love her who gave me being, and has shed thousands of tears over me when I was a helpless babe ! And shall I be so ungrateful not to return her every comfort in my power ?

power? no she never deserted me and therefore shall nobody but myself smooth her pillow and support her crutch."

A tear of sensibility sparkled in her eye, as she presented her basket for my inspection; out of which, I made choice of a small horn box.

"This," said I, "will hold sugar plumbs for the little holiday-children who surround my knee at Christmas, and the story of Angela shall be affixed to each comfit as I distribute it."

"And what's the value of it, Angela?"

"Sixpence, Sir, if you please."

"Sixpence wont afford much profit towards the maintainance of a lame mother, my good girl! No! no! I must make

it gold, it is not every day I meet with an Angela, and I dropped the piece into her basket."

"Indeed, Sir," cried Angela; "my mother will be greatly obliged to you, I shall go home rich indeed through a stranger's bounty, she'll hardly believe me, tho' she has often said she never knew me tell a falsity in my life. For why, indeed, should people strive to make themselves wicked in such an idle way? Every body despises a liar; and I should wish to be respected by all the world if I could."

"And thou art one of its brightest ornaments," replied I, carefully folding the box in a piece of paper, and consigning it to my coat pocket.

Angela's round plump cheek, glowed with rosy tinge as she deposited the mite in her screw money-box. I'll

“ I’ll bear you company,” continued I,
“ for I too am bound for Sittingburn.”

Angela thanked me, and assured me she should be proud of the honour, after she had called at a neighbouring house, where the lady was always an eminent purchaser of her bagatelles.

“ Do so then,” replied I; “ and as I am rather tired, I’ll rest under yonder tree, near the hovel, and await your return.”

Away tripped Angela, but returning in a few moments, she gave me to understand the lady was out; “ and that’s a great pity,” said she; “ but the Steward said she was going to visit the sailors orphans at that hovel, so I’ll just step and peep in.”

The words “ Sailors Orphans,” acted like a talisman on my feelings, “ poor

little, hapless, unprotected beings," cried I; "I will peep too, Angela; our hearts shall sympathize; so quickening our pace, we soon reached the hovel."

THE SAILOR'S ORPHANS.



It exhibited a scene of extreme wretchedness ; a few dying embers were scattered over the brick hearth, and the sorrowful little group (consisting of two girls and a fine boy, about eight years of age) looked real objects of charity.

Their hair hung dishevelled—their garb was scanty and deplorably ragged—yet their countenances were healthy and interesting ; though the age and decrepitude of their poor superannuated grandmother, had precluded the necessary attentions of a notable mother.

“ They look like orphans, indeed, ” said I to myself.

At that moment, from an opposite door, that opened into a little plot of vegetation, entered a charming woman, and four lovely children, each bearing a small bundle of cast cloaths for the orphans, with the promise of a basket of provision being sent next day.

“ Poor little, ragged creatures, they look almost starved mama ; ” said a beautiful girl, drawing out her purse, and giving the old woman half-a-crown.

“ I’ve only got a shilling, ” said a fine little boy, dressed in a naval jacket, and ticking trowsers ; “ but papa says I’m to be an Admiral, and then this poor fellow shall go to sea with me, and we’ll fight like
like

like tygers," cried he, stamping his foot, and raising his voice.

"Should you like to be a sailor?" continued he, addressing the poor abashed orphan boy.

"Yes," cried he; "because daddy always said I should be a jack tar."

"And should you like to climb ropes, and eat salt beef and biscuits?" said a second little girl.

"Yes, I should like to fight, if I could get money, and bring it home to granmammy, to buy cloaths for Jane and Mary; and I should like to kill the man that shot my poor daddy too, because he was cruel and wicked."

"Martyn is a good boy," said the
G 4 lady;

They look like orphans, indeed; but
I'm afraid

At that moment, from an old Mary
who had crept into a little nook, &c.
she entered a charming little girl, the eyes of
the other children, each boy were suf-
fering of cast cloaths for
with the promise of a basket
being sent next day.

“good girl,”
“your mother?”

“Poor little, ragged—let us see the
look almost starved man
tiful girl, drawing out
giving the old woman cushions,”

“I’ve only got a
little boy, dressed in
ticking trousers;
be an Admiral, and
shall go to sea with
patted lace-

“I’ll

of Angela
hus, each
gerly select-
emptied the

al boy," said the
choice; "Angela
ould wear it."

my lady; but I shall
oud of the honour," re-
ing pedlaress, taking up
acknowledging her obli-
favour she had received.

ere was your father killed?"
taryn.

Copenhagen, your honour,"
the palsied grandmother; "and
r dear wife, who was my own dar-

ter, took it so to heart, that she died of grief about ten days ago; and so God help the poor babes, I believe they must go to the parish at last, and I along with them, for they be too young to work, and I be too old to work for them; but they must not starve for all that."

"Forbid it heaven!" exclaimed I, "that a *sailor's orphans* should ever perish for want in an English country: surely they may be relieved by the liberal subscription devoted for their benefit; and most willingly shall I exert my interest in their behalf, under the auspice and recommendation of this benevolent lady."

"And that you shall immediately be empowered with, Sir," replied she, drawing a card from her pocket-book, on which she immediately wrote with her
pencil

pencil the names of the orphans, with the particulars of their father's fate, &c. subjoining her address and recommendation.

“ I shall do myself the honour, madam, to inform you of the success I meet with, the earliest opportunity,” said I; “ when I trust I shall enjoy the satisfaction of proving myself not a dilatory agent in the service of the indigent and unhappy group now before me, conceiving this card will be a powerful pass-port in their favour, subjoined with every additional plea humanity can instigate, from a heart zealously attached to the cause it supports.”

Angela now pressed me to depart, as her moments were too precious to be wasted; so bowing respectfully to the lady and family, and bestowing my mite

in the palsied hand of the comforted granny, I bid adieu to the orphans, exhorting them to be grateful and obedient to their noble benefactress.

THE HOG'S-HEAD.



ANGELA tripped blithely along, till we came to the same little inn where the horns were branching over the door when I last passed, and where it may be remembered the clock *told tales*.

“If you need refreshment, Angela,” said I, “they sell good ale and biscuits here, and we’ll partake some together.”

Angela modestly acknowledged some slight symptoms of hunger, and we accordingly entered the house. Here we found mine host in a very ill-humour; his *virtuous* wife had absconded with the
Squire.

Squire—his dingy cook had quitted her place on a similar errand with the ostler—while little Judy, a certain convenient favourite of mine host's, was waddling about with a protuberance that threatened him further perplexity.

All this, by the by, I learnt from a loquacious chap who officiated in the capacity of a waiter, and who, I presume, had repeated the story to every guest as readily as he did to us; for his master, it seems, was engaged in the cellar out of hearing; however, before we left the house, up he came, without his coat, in a high fume.

“What discomposes you, friend?” asked I.

“Discomposed,” reiterated he; “I am more—I'm devilish mad—I could knock

knock my brains out for being a fool ; do you know, I've been as completely *done*, as the saying is, as ever man was, and all through my friend's being an ass, as I may say ; for you see, I received a letter, two days ago, from a friend of mine in Dorsetshire, telling me as I might expect a hogshead in a few days, of which he begged my acceptance—but he did not say what it contained ; so, knowing he made cyder every year, I thought to be sure it could be nothing else, and at it I goes widening my cellar door to let it pass, and there I paid a man to help me, and we worked like *negers*, when behold you, last night, what should come by the coach but a d——d *pig's countenance* ; 'd rot it, I could have smashed it under my feet for spite, and have throttled the man who brought it into the bargain. I never—never, was so savage in all my life."

" But,

"But, my friend," said I, "it was surely your miscomprehension of the letter that caused the mistake."

"No such thing," replied he; "the letter expressed the word '*hoghead*,' and in that case, how the devil was I to suppose it meant a '*kcan-chup*.'"

"It depends upon the connection of the words," said I.

"Confound the connection," cried he: "I would not give a rush for a pig's check; I'd sooner starve than taste it, out of spite."

"Thou'rt a man of troubles truly," answered I.

"Yes, I believe I be; what with my wife *loping* the Squire, and the girl's

girl's going off with Dick; and other things, I'm charmingly helped up."

"But you've got a notable little body to assist you, seemingly," replied I.

"Umph!" cried he, "Judy beant the first likely girl that's lighted of an *accident*; God Almighty's lambs you know will play."

"Aye, and so will the *rams* too," rejoined I.

"Pshaw," cried he, "you may laugh, but I sha'n't be in a good humour this week to come; what with my trouble, expence, and disappointment; 'd rabbit the hogshead, say I."

Angela smiled at his panic; for he was covered in saw-dust and perspiration with

lass lover of Angela to the direct spot where we stood chuckling together.

He was whistling on the front of a mill cart, loaded with empty sacks, one of which formed an umbrella over his head, when seeing *two* faces peeping from *one* covert, he stopped his horse to examine such an apparent curiosity.

Angela's eye recognised him in a moment—she darted from my cloak, with cheeks like scarlet.

“Why, who would have thought of seeing you muffled up here?” cried the young miller.

“Why, ear!—it rained, William—and so—a—this good gentleman lent me a part of his cloak, very kindly, for I did not think of meeting with you.”

“I suppose

“ I suppose not,” replied the miller; “ so good bye—I don’t love to spoil sport—I wishes you a pleasant cuddle together ;” and smacking his whip, he was driving off, choaking with passion and jealousy, when Angela burst into tears.

“ Halloo, my friend !” cried I, “ give me leave to explain the seeming impropriety of which you accuse Angela ; I, as a traveller, have joined her walk, and offered her every assistance and protection in my power to afford her ; and I think, when you look on me for a moment, you’ll hardly imagine, from my age and appearance, that I was actuated by *any other* motives than good-nature, and the necessary civility due from one stranger to another.”

“ Oh ! as to age,” replied the miller, “ ’tis not always the *old* ones are *best* trusted ;

trusted ; and as to *friendship* and *civility* between a *man* and a *woman*, its all nonsense."

" And is it possible you can be jealous of an old weather-beaten, hard-favored traveller?" continued I. " No ! no ! my friend, believe me, Angela was as safe under my cloak, as a chicken beneath the wing of its mother."

" Aye ; but you may have a hawk's eye, and a colt's tooth, for ought I know ; even though you were a *grandfather*," replied he.

" Now, pray William, don't think hard of the good gentleman," said Angela, taking up her basket into the cart ; " can you take me on to Sittingburn, and give the gentleman a ride upon the sacks, not you?"

" He

“He may ride, an he likes,” answered he gruffly.

“No, thank you,” said I; “I see my company is not agreeable, and therefore I’ll not cause any more quarrels.”

“Do, pray Sir, come in,” cried Angela, as she mounted the step; “I’m sure when William knows how kind and fatherly you have been to me, he’ll repent his *grumpiness*.”

William still frowned on me an eye of suspicion, as he seated Angela by his side, wrapping a sack over her head and shoulders.

“An you’ve *only* been *civil* to Angela,” cried he, “you’re welcome to ride behind, if you choose.”

I thanked

PEDESTRIAN.

... him; but strenuously de-
... offer. Angela bade me kindly
... away they jogged.

... goes *love in a sack*," said I
... as I watched them ascending
... before they got to the top of
... the edges of the sacks that adorn-
... of their heads met in *momentary*
...—confirming the reality of my
... sgestion, that a love tale may be told
... and yet lose none of its effect.
... was William soon reconciled to
... faithful Angela, and rewarded, like
... again, with a *gift* from the *sack's*
...

A QUARTETTO

A QUARTETTO OF SINNERS.



I HAD wrapped myself in my oil-skin, and puckered the hood of it close round my face, snugly bidding defiance to the rain, and was pacing quickly along, that, as the proud child once said, "the very *dogs* stared at him for his beauty," they now shunned me, from my ugliness; when I met a young miller in his smock-frock, galloping his horse in apparent exigence, with the most grotesque figure of an old woman behind him I ever saw in my life.

The horse being bare-backed, she had, in her haste, mounted *a-straddle*; and, without hat or cloak, was clinging round the

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Miller so tight that the flour from his frock had covered her face and black gown most completely, which, added to the exhibition of her short thick legs, covered with sable worsted stockings, which were fastened below her knee with scarlet garters, rendered her a far more ludicrous object than myself.

The poor mill-horse seeing me by the road side, and probably imagining me some wild beast, plunged, snorted, and refused to pass.

“Halloo!” cried the miller; “What the d—l are you?”

“Hush! hush!” replied the old woman; “speak civil; mayhap its a *ghost*. In the name of God, what disturbs you?”

The old woman’s voice quivering as she

she spoke, and her face pale as ashes, set me into such a fit of laughter, that I could make no reply; while the miller kept lashing and kicking, but the animal would not stir.

“*Wanish, Mr. Spirit—wanish*, in the name of God, through the hedge, or any way in the world; if you don’t, I shall be off backwards. Oh! oh! oh! oh!” hooted the old woman, buttoning up her eyes; “I’m so frightened, I don’t know the consequence, nor I can’t get my petticoat over my knees; I’m all in a cold chill, and three parts naked.”

“Stick fast, mother, can’t ye, and hold your fool’s tongue,” said the miller.

“Well, let me get under your frock, and then I shall be safe,” replied the old woman, sliding herself up his back, till

she peeped her head out at the top of the collar, to see if I had *wanished*, which so throttled the miller, that he was swearing and gasping for breath, as she wedged herself through. This scene so augmented my laughter, that I fairly fell down, unable to support myself. But alas, I had better have commanded my feelings; and stood still; for the animal, seeing me move, rushed backwards into a deep ditch, where he laid his riders sprawling, and set off on full gallop, leaving the enraged miller, and the terrified old woman, both fighting and kicking in *one skin*, so tightly bound, it was impossible to extricate either without cutting the frock to pieces; and in this ludicrous situation, for the space of two minutes, did they twirl round like a pantomimic character, of a miller *before*, and an old woman *behind*.

The

The miller was struggling and swearing with all his might ; when, recovering my paroxysm of mirth, I crossed the road to his assistance, and throwing open my cloak, convinced him I was no spirit ; so taking out my knife, I ripped the fore part of the frock and set them free.

“ Dam’me, Sir,” cried the miller, “ who would have supposed you was a christian, tucked up in such a shape as this? I never lighted of such a piece of business in my life. Why didn’t ye speak?”

“ I could not, my friend,” replied I ; “ my bowels were positively in convulsions, to see you and the old woman so tightly lashed together. I’m sorry I frightened the horse ; for I imagine you have fetched your companion as some doctress, by your haste, and her eccentric appearance.”

“ Indeed, you’ve just guessed it,” said the old woman ; “ for the young man was fetching me, to cure a bad *sinner*.”

“ I should have supposed that was the parson’s work,” replied L.

“ Parson !” reiterated the doctress ; “ what should a parson know about an *extorted sinner, in a girl’s leg ? Preaching* to it, would not put it in its place, I warrant me. No ! no ! *sinner*s make more work for the doctor, in general, than they do for the parson ; and so, here’s the poor creature a laying in *aggerney*, while your foolishness has caused our accident, and the horse is gone, God knows where, and left me a matter of two miles to walk — I shan’t hobble there this hour to come.”

“ I wish I’d never fetched you,” cried the miller ; “ I never see such a cow-hearted

hearted old toad in my life—*squirring* up my back, and slitting all my cloaths to pieces ; I'm sure we're neither of us fit to be seen ; the people in the village will wonder what the devil we've been at—so you may pace on by yourself, and I'll haste home the back way, and tell them you're a-coming. By George, I'd sooner give five pounds than meet any body ; they'd think I'd been ripped up by a bull, or *sommut* all rented and *tared* to pieces as I be ; so somebody else may carry you back, for I swear I won't."

" Well, don't bother so," cried the old woman ; " I was frightened to death, and I could not help it. I'm sure I've had the worst on it, for my *knees* are dripping with the rain ; I would not have rode in such a state, to serve any body but you. If the man had not looked more like

a ~~beast~~ than a christian, I should not have been scared."

"However, beastly *your ideas* may be of me," said I, "I know or care not; but you'll recollect you addressed me as a ghost; now, if your conscience was but as clear as mine, you need not have feared me, if I had been one; however, we won't quarrel upon that score. Recollect while you are holding a jargon, the poor girl's *sinner* is in torture; so push on, and don't say I detained you."

"But I shall tell all, how, and about it," said the doctress, shaking her meally cloaths. "And look there; if the miller is not gone off over the fields, I declare, and left me in this condition."

"Well, you must thank yourself for
the

the loss of your beau ; if you had not acted so ridiculously, he would not have deserted you."

"And I wish to my soul," answered the doctress, grinning with spite and passion, "you were both a thousand miles off, before I had seen either of you. But, as to you, you ought to be taken up for a nuisance, for frightening horses, and *dangering good peoples lives.*"

Thus gabbled the old woman, as she hobbled along, turning her head over her shoulder every three steps, to express some new-coined invective ; but as I only continued to laugh at her and her disaster, she found her malicious tongue had no effect on my feelings, beyond the incitement of ridicule, which was raised at her expence. So how she grumbled and hobbled, I know not ; but I'll be bound,

there was more of the *sinner* in her composition, than in the poor girl's leg; though, according to the reality of the casualty, we might be stiled a quartetto of sinners; for I had sinned in rendering myself an object of terror, to woman and beast—the horse had sinned, in throwing his riders, and decamping without apology—the doctress had sinned, in ripping the new smock frock—and the miller had acted his sinful part, in leaving the old woman unprotected, to the inclemency of the pelting shower.

“I must take off this unlucky oil-skin,” said I to myself; “for this is the second time to-day, that it has brought me into a scrape. I am, therefore, like the ‘dog and the bone,’ I must neither eat it myself, nor let any body else do it; witness *Angela's envelope*, and the doctress's accident and quarrel.”

THE DRUM-STICKS.



WHEN I lost sight of the crusty garrulous old woman, I did not meet with a single incident, during the remainder of my walk to Sittingbourn, where I immediately ordered my coffee, having dined only on ale, and biscuit, with the pedlaress.

Now, as I had always been in the habit of using the George, where I had ever met with excellent accommodations of every description, subjoined to the greatest civility; to the George I went again, convinced I should enjoy a good supper, and a capital bed.

н 6 I inquired

I inquired for the chambermaid, who always provided me with one particular chamber, but she assured me it was engaged; "for," said she, "my Lord the Marquis has brought such a *nation lot* of *drum-sticks* along with him, that our house is quite in a *row*."

"Drum-sticks," said I. "What d'ye mean?"

"Yes, *drummersticks*," replied the girl. "Lauk, Sir, there's a powerous heap of them, too—why, there's the Marquis's *walley-de-sham*—and the *Marquiness's dressing-ooman*—and the *buckler*—and the *stewart*—and the *bailey*—and two *po-shay-stillions*—and the jockey *hunting-man*—and I don't know who; and so I'm sorry you can't be *commerdated* with your favourite *charmer*, this time; but you shall have a good bed, of my own tossing up, depend upon it." "Very

“ Very well, my good girl, keep your word, and I am satisfied; the *drum-sticks*, as you call them, will make no difference to me. My feet will beat a tattoo in the morning before their’s, so they won’t disturb me.”

“ It must be a fine thing to be a *drummerstick* in a great family,” continued the girl; “ I should like the gentlewoman’s place mightily, only she looks thin and haggish with *stopping up* such late hours; I should never be able to keep my eyes open without *lines* and *pul-lies* to *prop* my *lids* up. Lord bless you, Sir, why the *Marquiness* herself would look like a *gose*, if she wer’n’t all daubed over with stuff like *whiting* and *brickdust*. Sleep’s better than meat and drink to me, for I was always one of the dormouse sort.”

“ Aye! aye!” said I, “ be content
with

with your station ; you can but be happy in any line of life, and that you most envy would probably be least comfortable, or adapted to your abilities."

" I believe you're right," said the girl, as she closed the door, probably in search of the domestics she so much envied ; who, I dare say, had beat up many a rare tune in their own hall, without reckoning themselves the *drum-sticks* of the family.

THE NURSE'S SOLILOQUY.

Now, to let the reader into a secret; after I had taken my coffee, I fell into a gentle slumber, out of which when I awoke, the moon was so beautifully inviting, that it tempted me to stroll through the town; at the extremity of which; the bright blaze of a wood fire, glowing through the casement of a cottage, attracted my notice, and the shrill voice of an old woman, who was nursing a baby, thus amused me a full quarter of an hour.

“There,” cried she; “there’s granny’s little pretty king Pippin—granny’s love—
granny’s

granny's darling—granny's pet—granny's dear, blue-eyed, rosy-cheek'd, dimple-chinned, curly-pole boy—there now, break a little wind and squint at the fire, and let me warm his *tootsey-pootseys*, and rub-a-dub-a-dub his *leggy-peggys* a bit—there's a *copperation* for a soldier, indeed.—Diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle dum—jig, jig, jig, jiggy, jiggy jig—shake your handy-dandy spindy-spandys a bit.—La, la, la, what a Friday face of a Tuesday night—kiskey, kiskey, kiskey—row-de-dow-de, piggy-wiggy—to market, to market, to buy a cock-horse—home again, home again, Bobby is cross.”

Still the child squalled, and the old woman's shoe-heel began another tattoo.

“Ugh! you cross-grained brat,” continued she; “I wish your mother was
come

come home—you're never pleased full or fasting—hobble-dy-gee, hobble-dy-gee, hobble-dy, hobble-dy, hobble-dy-gee—there was a song-a-song, a-song-a-song a-sixpence—come go to sleep, shut your peep—peep—peep—peep—peepers, do—tal, tal, tal, tal, tal, la—bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye—pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty boy, boy, boy.—Lord bless my soul, child, what a fidgety toad you be—Ugh! I wish you was tied round your father's neck, for you are the very picture of him—Aye! aye! don't squall at me. What the plague would you have?"

The nurse's patience being now almost exhausted, she endeavoured to compose her temper, by striking out a lullaby-ditty, in the tune of the 104th psalm; but the soul of the infant not being attuned to harmony, moral or divine, it continued crying, in unison.

“ Was

“Was ever any soul so plagued?” cried the nurse. “I’ve been singing my *heart out* this half hour, and all I can do won’t keep you quiet—so go along into your cradle, do; and let’s see if that will stop your bawling.”

The child was accordingly popped in; and the old nurse fastening the string of the cradle round her arm, which she occasionally rocked with a twitch, began darning a stocking with so long a needle-full of worsted, that throwing out her arm at full length, she knocked a bason of milk all over the child, who renewed his squall so furiously, that I left the poor embarrassed nurse to repeat her soliloquy, and sing her lullaby-ditty over again, if she pleased, while I returned to the inn to partake an early supper, ruminating on the cargo of *wholesale nonsense* that had flowed from her lips; all which
ridiculous

ridiculous racket had only exhausted her own lungs, without benefiting or quieting the infant. I have, therefore, penned this soliloquy, to shew how the nurse entertained *herself*; for certainly it afforded none to the wretched child. But such is the perversity of habit, that if this letter was exhibited before the whole bench of nurses, there is not one who would edify by the hint.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

THE next morning, long before the *drum-sticks* were in motion, off I sat to Chatham; where, almost fainting with the oppressive heat, from the reflection of the chalk-hill, sat a widow and child under an excavation of the cliff.

The poor little boy was pillowing his head on a moth-eaten knapsack, on which was fastened an old military hat, while the weeping mother was habited in a fattered regimental coat; a black handkerchief shaded her bosom, and a black ribbon fastened her cap, which peeped beneath a ragged hat of straw.

I looked

She wiped her tears,
 Her charity.

said I.

"In honour, I am a soldier's
 without a friend or blessing left
 behind, except this poor child; my
 father fell before Copenhagen, and I
 have travelled almost barefoot from Lon-
 don hither, to get a sight of the captain
 now quartered in the barracks, who was
 always a great friend to us, and may be
 able to afford me a little assistance; but
 I feel so weak and weary, that I cannot
 proceed till I have recovered myself; for
 what with carrying the knapsack and the
 child, whose little feet are quite blistered,
 I really dropped in this place, without
 power to move."

"Thy case is, indeed, pitiable," re-
 plied

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The poor little boy was pillowing his head on a moth-eaten knapsack, on which was fastened an old military hat, while the weeping mother was habited in a tattered regimental coat; a black handkerchief shaded her bosom, and a black ribbon fastened her cap, which peeped beneath a ragged hat of straw.

I looked

I looked at her—she wiped her tears, but she did not solicit charity.

“What are you?” said I.

“Alas! your honour, I am a soldier’s widow, without a friend or blessing left in the world, except this poor child; my husband fell before Copenhagen, and I have travelled almost barefoot from London hither, to get a sight of the captain now quartered in the barracks, who was always a great friend to us, and may be able to afford me a little assistance; but I feel so weak and weary, that I cannot proceed till I have recovered myself; for what with carrying the knapsack and the child, whose little feet are quite blistered, I really dropped in this place, without power to move.”

“Thy case is, indeed, pitiable,” replied

plied I; "but I doubt not the captain will most readily exert his interest for your relief and comfort; 'tis enough to shed the sacred tear of affection, without letting fall another for the exigence of life. I know the drop of agony must have vent; weep then, if it relieve thy heart; but do not suffer an indulgence of grief to overpower nature."

She heard me in silence, and the encouraged torrent flowed down her pallid cheek; then heaving one deep-drawn tribute of sorrow, she appeared more composed, and arose to pursue her way.

"In case you don't meet with the captain to-day," said I, "accept this trifle to provide you necessary sustenance."

She courtesied humbly—she thanked me in a voice choaked by grief—then
tying

ing the knapsack on her back, and putting the child upon it, she walked slowly away ; and, I trust, when she reached the barracks, she found that comfort and protection she sought from the promise of friendship and benevolence ; which, from her appearance and conversation, she seemed entitled to inherit.

A *SOAL* IN A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

CHATHAM is, to my fancy, such a dirty disagreeable town, that I always hurry through it as fast as possible; but as I really felt fatigued, and the heat was almost insupportable, I determined taking my dinner at Rochester, after having bespoke which, I sat down to peruse the papers at one of the lower front windows of the Bull inn, which facing the town-hall, where stood a fish-man, I had the pleasure of overhearing all the conversation of the buyers and seller; but the parley which most interested me, was held between the fish-man and a female customer,

tomer, who was just alighted from the outside of the Dover coach.

“What d’ye ask for *your soul*?” said she; “Is it *sweet* and *fresh*? Will it *boil firm*, or had it better be *fried*?”

“Why, I axes half-a-crown,” replied the man; “and as to freshness, its almost leaping alive; no man can shew you such a soal as this here—smell it—take it in your hand—feel the weight of it.”

“Do you think your *soul* weighs three pounds?” asked the woman.

“Perhaps it may,” said the man; “I never *weighed* it.”

“Well,” continued the woman, “if I buy it at half-a-crown, will you *war-*

rant it to be good when I get to London?"

"If it an't good," answered the man, "I have not a soul to be saved."

"Here, tye it up then in this handkerchief," cried the woman, routing to the bottom of her pack-saddle pocket, from whence she drew forth a handful of silver, halfpence, sealing-wax, gingerbread-crumbs, a nutmeg, a brass thimble, a small piece of brimstone, and three *lucky pebbles*, tied with a piece of pack-thread; after which, paying the half-crown, away she trotted in high glee with her bargain; and as I leaned out of the window, I could not help ejaculating, "Yonder goes a woman with her *soul* in a pocket-handkerchief, planning how nicely she means to have it *boiled* for her supper." The idea made me smile; and
when

When the landlord entered with his bill
fare, I was almost chuckling: a cir-
cumstance which would probably have
imped me for a fool in his opinion, if
I had not explained the case, to exonerate
me from odium.

THE SPEAKING BAND-BOX.



HAVING finished my dinner, away I posted towards Dartford ; but ere I had got half way, I was overtaken by so heavy a storm of rain, that I hailed the driver of a coach, that was passing, and in I got.

The vehicle contained but one person beside myself ; and he appearing to be one of God's unsociable beings, for whom conversation had no charms, his monosyllables, to the various questions I started, were so discouraging, that I, after the first quarter of an hour, remained silent, and he fell fast asleep.

The

The rain still continued—the road was dreary, and Trudge was snoring on the straw at my feet, when a shrill voice, close to my ear, exclaimed, “I want my tea.”

I looked at my companion—the sound did not proceed from his lip, neither was it the voice of any outside passenger; but, as it sounded rather feminine, I concluded it was some cottager, whom we had just passed on the road.

Now, as sleep is said to be sympathetic, and I could find no object to amuse me, I reclined one elbow, in an indolent posture, upon a band-box that stood on the seat close by my side, and which was covered with a netting of strong cordage, with several holes punched in the lid; however, as I conceived them only to be accidental fractures, I still lolled upon the box.

violent shriek, and the words, "Get out you brute," stopped his search.

"By God!" cried he, "the box moves—let's shake it."

I seized it in my arm—Trudge barked fiercely—"Oh, murder! murder!" resumed the voice; "Save me, Fanny! save me!"

"Ah! ah!" said I, "Madam Poll, I've found you out;" for a violent flutter and pattering in the box, instantly convinced me it contained a parrot.

"Now, what think you of a speaking band-box?" said I. "Poll has outwitted me for once: I wonder where she is travelling;—she's been packed by some old maid, I'll swear, by the precision of the cordage."

"'Tis

“Tis directed on this side, for Mrs. Rachel somebody,” said my companion.

“The deuce it is; then I know its destination, for I shall pass the very house,” replied I.

We spoke through the holes, but Poll was either sulky, or afraid of the dog; for she ceased to chatter, nor could we extract one word more till we stopped at Dartford; where the coachman informed me the band-box was to be delivered to the identical lady in question.

THE BLACK STOCKINGS.



It was just six o'clock, when we alighted at the inn, which, I find, is the usual hour of assembling at most country tea parties.

I had watched two or three *nimery-pimmenys*, scrambling along in their pattens ; and a brace of pretty girls, tucked tight up in *cambric fig-leaves*, who were dextrously skipping over the puddles, to exhibit the agility of their well turned ancles ; when an old mouldy sedan, borne by two uncouth labourers, came dashing through the middle of the road ; when, behold, just opposite the door where I stood,

stood, out dropped the bottom, and down came a long pair of black, *poker-shaped* legs, ornamented by a pair of velvet shoes, with heels as thick as a *pavior's rammer*.

The lady shrieked—the black stockings dangled in violent commotion—the people hooted—the chairmen stopped—and the velvet rammers plunged into the mire; while through a wide slit in the damask curtain, of *centurial pedigree*, peeped the distorted countenance of aunt Rachel, imploring assistance.

“I *sawed* her flannel petticoat,” cries one; “and I *sawed* her blue garter,” said another.

“Zounds! I thought 'twas the devil, when I *seed* such *black hoofs*,” exclaimed a ploughman, who took care to stand aloof, till he had identified the species to

which they belonged ; but finding it was only a *woman*, his fears vanished, and he loitered, instead of quickening his pace.

“ And a great sight it was, to be sure,” said aunt Rachel, as she disentangled herself from the sedan.

“ None so *great*, neither, my lady,” replied the grinning ploughman ; “ your’s ben’t *Essex* legs ; they be genteel legs, as straight as-a May-pole, without *no calves*.”

This was, indeed, literally the case ; for aunt Rachel’s *hind paws* were exact perpendiculars, without the least deviation of form, more like a *shank* of mutton than a *mackarel* ; for she was very skinny, with a waist like a thread paper, though the rope veins in her arms, were thick enough to tow a man of war into port ; which, added to a multiplicity of freckles, looked

looked as if she had attempted to rob a mill, and the bran had stuck on her hands, as a judgment, ever since ; not escaping her face and neck, where the enraged miller seemed to have thrown an extra handful. So there stood she, squalling to the chairmen, with her petticoats tucked tight round her, to know what she must do.

I offered her my oil-skin, and she gladly accepted it ; for the moment she fixed her little, sharp, grey eyes, upon me, she recollected my features ; so strapping it closely round her, as the rain still continued to fall heavily, she told me she was engaged to a card-party, and would thankfully return the wrapper, when she reached home, at ten o'clock.

Perfectly satisfied with the idea of aunt Rachel's punctuality, I carefully covered

covered up her rich black paduasoy (for she was in mourning for a nephew, as black as a crow), and wishing her good evening, off she toddled to the scandalum magnatum, leaving the uncouth boobies to repair the crazy sedan, from which perilous dangle, she had escaped unhurt, though severely mortified, in having exhibited to the male creation, what she never meant for their dissertation, viz. the colour of her blue knit garter, and dimension of her leg bone.

THE SEVEN STUMPS.



“A *lady* wants you, Sir,” said the waiter; as I was picking my lobster, about half past nine.

“Oh! shew her in,” said I; supposing it to be aunt Rachel; instead of which, who should make her appearance but old Molly, with a lantern hung right before her, my oil-skin, crumpled in a handkerchief, and the key of the street door balancing on her finger, which was swarthed in a poultice rag.

“I’ve brought home your *thingumbob*, Sir; and mistress is mightily obliged to
you

you for the *lence an it*," said she ; making a long, sliding courtesy, that brought her from the door to the table.

" You look charming, Sir, after your *scurchion*," continued she ; " I hope you have had a pleasant *tower* ; and got rid of all your *nervoish infections*. Talk of the *gyout*, indeed, why your legs are as slim as knitting-pins. Lauk-a-daisy, Sir, talking of legs, what an *accidency* my poor mistress has had—its well I darned up the long *louse ladder* in the knee of her stocking, for I hear she shewed her garters, and her flannel petticoat. I wish she would wear *breeches*, like *other women*, and then, if she slipped up, it wouldn't *argu-fy* ; she's mortally *bashed* about it, for she's the most decentest woman as *never* was born : howsever, while I be *magging* with you, she's a waiting for her *drop* ; and so, wishing you a *wery good* night,

Sir,

Sir, I'll brush home. Its plaguey dark ; I was obliged to bring the lantern, for *fread* of *scronching* a frog. ' Let your light so shine before men,' says the scripture ; aye, and *before women* too, say I ; blundering along in the dark is *moughty disconvenient*."

" So it is, Mrs. Molly ; good night ; I wish you safe home."

" Oh, safe !" repeated she, " I bean't afraid, now the *sogers* is gone ; though I had a fine rumption with the captain one night in the dark, but faith, I smacked his face ; ' What's a red-coat to me,' says I, ' it won't *contract* my eyes, I promise you ; I han't *approbated* all my time in reading the bible, to die a grey-headed sinner ; thank God, I'm an *unspotted vargent* at fifty-two and a half.'

' But

'But you may have a colt's tooth left yet,' says the captain. 'No, that I ha'n't,' says I; 'I have only *seven stumps*, and they be half rotten.' 'You nasty old cat,' says he, and gives me such a push, that down I fell, and away went he, swearing at such a size—I expected he'd come and kill me; however, it cured me of walking in the dark."

"Depend upon it," said I, smiling, "the *seven stumps* was your protection; and if ever you should be attacked, and your lantern knocked out, remember your *pass-port*."

Molly nodded me a ghastly grin of self-preservation, as she closed the door, and left me smiling over my supper, at the idea of the *lady* whom the waiter had

so pompously introduced with a bundle, a lantern, a key, and a poulticed finger; and, probably, as he stiled himself a *lord* of creation, he concluded all females must, in consequence, be *ladies*.

A COTTAGE BREAKFAST.



AFTER a calm and refreshing night's repose, off I sat again, by sun-rise, and had walked about three miles, when I came within sight of a pretty romantic cottage, where a peasant family were industriously pursuing the necessary occupations of the morning.

The mother was busily churning—the eldest girl was knitting—while a playful kitten was tangling its paws in the dishevelled worsted, affording a hearty laugh to a little curly-pole boy, who was learning a spaniel to sit up with his hat on—while over the mossy pailing of the piggery,

piggery, stood a nice little lad, resting on his elbows, and sheering away with his broad knife a large portion of brown-bread and cold bacon, which he clenched under his left thumb, as he stood watching the pigs munching their cabbage-leaves—a fourth infant, in a check bed-gown, slumbered in its cradle by the mother's side, under the shade of a luxuriant hollyhock, that towered above the cottage thatch.

The cleanliness, modesty, and civility of the peasant, as I contemplated her charming children, seemed so inviting, that seating myself on a rude stone step, at the door, I solicited a slice of the barley loaf, and a porringer of butter-milk, and it was presently brought me, in such rural stile, by the pretty blue-eyed cottage girl, that I never relished such a breakfast in my life.

The

The children flocked round Trudge— one admired his beauty—another asked his name—a third brought him skimmed milk in a wooden-bowl—and when the ruddy cradled cherub opened his bright eyes, he too must needs ride upon his back; in short, I know not who was most pleased during the happy half-hour I devoted to the regale of my buttermilk.

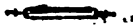
The curl-pole boy was full of antics—he climbed my knee, turned my wig the hind part before—laughed at my grotesque appearance—untied my neckcloth and knee-strings, and hid my hat.

His flaxen curls hung so roguish over his bright dark eyes, that as I clasped him in my arms, I attempted to kiss him; but indignantly pushing me from him, and scrambling off my knee——

“No!

“No! no!” said he, “I sha’n’t kiss you; I must *fight* the *men* and *kiss* the *girls*, daddy says,” and away he scampered out of sight, returning soon after with my hat decked with flowers, and in that stile I put it on my head—rewarded the peasant for my delightful meal—chucked the pretty blue-eyed girl under the chin—shook hands with little curl-pole, and departed for Shooter’s-hill.

THE CITIZEN'S GALA.



HERE a cavalcade of carriages were drawn up before the door, and the house resounded with merriment.

“What have we here?” said I to mine host; “a wedding? For I descry some charming females at the window, seemingly arranged in bridal robes.”

“Oh, no!” cried he, laughing, “’tis not a wedding; ’tis the celebration of a city gala; a party consisting of thirty-two, all cheerful, and gay as grasshoppers, come down from London to relish turtle, venison, turbot, and ice, in the Kentish air;

air; zounds the bill of fare is twice as long as my arm; if the devil was to come in our way, we should fricassee or ragout him to-day; why, they are to have silver vases, filled with rose water, to *wash* their *hands* after dinner, and a lottery for the ladies, of *all prizes* and no-blanks. You never heard of higher doings; they are all gone broiling up to Lady James's folly, and some of the gentlemen are amusing themselves with telescopes on the hill; so, if you walk that way, you'll meet with them, for I'm in such haste, I can't stand talking." So in he bustled, and off sat I towards the folly, to gratify myself with a peep at the jolly group, whom I met returning; some complaining of heat and fatigue—some had torn their dresses with the briars in ascending the steep—some praising the beauty of the prospect—some passing jokes—some whispering soft tales—and the majority

of the men looking at their watches, and counting the seconds destined to elapse before the grand spreadation greeted their longing appetites : but, as I found myself a total stranger to the group, and stood no chance of coming in for my share of the good things of this world, I left them to the enjoyment of their anticipated pleasures, which they no doubt enjoyed as eminently as harmony and plenty could afford them, whilst I walked on to Black-heath, to partake my more humble meal, at the identical house where I had met aunt Rachel's nephew, and gleaned some useful hints from the loquacity of the host.

A BUTTON-HOLE CONFERENCE.



HERE, smoking his pipe, sat an old neighbour of mine, who had come down to Greenwich, by water, with a friend, to pass the day, and had called in here to refresh, with gin and water and a pipe; knocking out the ashes of which, he arose from his seat, to shake hands and offer me his chair.

“My dear fellow,” said he, catching fast hold of my button; “what news, hey?—Where are you come from, hey?”

“Margate,” said I, retreating from his hold, half suffocated with the effluvia

of his breath, which puffed right in my face, swallowing such gusts of wind, that I expected every minute to be blown down from the rebounding of the suppressed gales.

“ Oh! oh! what, you have been taking a dip, I suppose,” continued he; “ my wife wants to persuade me to take a trip; but I say, harkee me,” (and he dragged me by the button, till he brought my reluctant ear on a level with his mouth) “ I say, the crop don’t rise, and I’m a little chop-fallen lately; things don’t please me at Bear Key—and what between the *bulls* and the *ducks*, I’ve been *done* lately—and so I must mind my hits, and look after my nail-parings; ’tan’t times to whirl away *po-shay* guineas, and my legs don’t fit so well as your’s; howsoever, I am neither, as I say, an ambitious or an extravagant man, for the roof of a
stage-

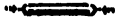
stage-coach is the *height* of my wishes, with an odd six-pennyworth at the a-la-mode beef-shop, in Shoe-lane, by way of a *relish* of a *washing-day*, to save trouble at home—that's my only extravagance, as I said before."

Again the wind rebounded, and again I endeavoured to slip from his hold, even at the expence of my button, or fracture of my coat; but he held me so tight, that unless, like a second Joseph, I had left my coat in his hand, I had no possible means of escaping, without committing violence on my feelings, by saying, "Pray release my imprisoned button—let me go—its disagreeable to stand so close." However, after wriggling and twitching for a quarter of an hour, with the most cruel submission, I was compelled to draw out my handkerchief, which making use of with a *trumpet tone*, he quitted his
K 3 hold,

hold, and I, embracing the happy moment of deliverance from his provoking grasp, sheered off to the opposite side of the table, a contrivance by which I kept him at a more happy distance; for what with the fume of the tobacco, *decayed teeth*, and *hot juniper puffs*, I had fairly endured a martyrdom.

If, therefore, any of my readers should ever be beset by a *button-holder*, they may find my adoption of a handkerchief not an unuseful preventative; and sincerely do I hope this hint may fall into the hands of a being of that unpleasant description, and induce him to abolish so disgusting a custom.

THE PENSIONER'S STORY.



WHEN I left Blackheath, away I posted to Greenwich, where I determined to sleep, and walk home in the morning.

The sun was declining—the hospital clock chimed six—and, as I approached the quadrangle, I found Fitzalbert, the pensioner, reclining on his crutch, in the self same spot where we parted.

My heart bounded to see him. Now for the story, thought I, as I quickened my pace, and he extended his hand to receive and welcome my return.

“ I almost despaired of this pleasure,” said he; “ for I have watched incessantly these ten days past, and feared you had forgotten me.”

“ ’Tis true,” replied I, “ I have exceeded my stipulated time; but it is *not* true that I had forgotten Fitzalbert in the Queen’s ward, though the engagement was not penciled on any tablet but that of my memory.

He pressed my hand cordially to his heart.

“ Could you believe me so little interested in your fate?” said I; “ Did you think me one of those wayward beings whose promises abscond with their words? Ah! no, my friend, cast not on me the eye of a misanthrope, although the vices of mankind have taught thee the direful
practice.

practice. I have called to greet thee with the voice of friendship—to claim the promised narrative—to speak comfort to thy wounded spirit—and to offer thee every attention and assistance in my power to impart; speak then thy inmost wishes, and command my service.”

He dashed his hand on his forehead—muttered some incoherent sentence, and, drawing from his coat pocket a small leathern case, presented it with tearful eye.

“If, after the perusal of it,” said he, and his voice assumed peculiar energy; “if after the perusal,” he repeated, “you deem me worthy your friendship, I shall, indeed, be proud to cultivate it; for within the walls of this beneficent asylum, I have never yet met with a congenial soul, since the savage tore from my bleed-

ing heart the caresses of my faithful Cora; but you will read more than this lip dare express, and you will then judge my cause with the clemency of a recording angel."

He ceased—I grasped the case, and hurried it into my pocket.

"The task," continued he, as he drew his handkerchief across his eyes; "the task has been painful; for three successive nights I never closed these sleepless eyes; and if some passages of the manuscript should not be legible, impute them to the agitation of the moment, and pity the unhappy transcriber."

"I shall not lay my head upon my pillow till I have digested every sentence," said I; "and if you wish to know my opinion of the subject, I will
see

see you again any day you will appoint."

"Oh, God!" ejaculated he, "have I again discovered a diamond mine, to be robbed of its treasure? Oh! there can be but *one* more exquisite pang for Fitzalbert to support in this world."

His looks grew frantic; they alarmed me; and I arose and requested him to join his companions. Though willingly would I have perused the manuscript in his presence, and endeavoured to soothe his sorrow, but I found him inadequate to the task; and, therefore, taking a friendly leave, and promising to see him again on that day week, I left him leaning on his crutch, absorbed in deep dejection; and crossing through the park, I impatiently seated myself

myself beneath the shade of a large tree, in a recluse spot, and drawing from my pocket the portentous leather case, I read as follows:—

THE MANUSCRIPT.



“ My name is Fitzalbert ; my parentage was noble and respectable ; but, for peculiar family reasons, I must draw a veil over my pedigree. If the ambition of my father had been bounded by satiety, he had long since placed a mitre on my head ; but fate had so ordained, that I should only support a crown of thorns.

“ I had no sooner left college, than I fell desperately in love with Cecilia Delmond, an orphan heiress of considerable property, beautiful, sprightly, and captivating ; she had been educated in a convent at St. Omer’s, and had acquired

quired all the fascinating arts so inseparable to the principles of that nation. I lived but in her smiles—I was a bigot to her charms—and in an evil and perverse hour, I led her to the altar.

“ Master of an ample fortune, at the dangerous age of twenty two, with all the world before me, I launched into a system of extravagance, to support the fatal follies of life, and emerged into a connection, which, three years after, finally terminated in insolvency; and in that agonizing hour, when all my errors weighed down my sinking heart, and stared me in the face, like horrific spectres darting from the tomb—in that hour Cecilia fled my arms, to refuge perjured honour in the embraces of *my bosom friend*. A father’s execrating curses next succeeded my misfortunes; he spurned me from his door a penniless beggar.

No

No roof was mine—I wandered towards the Thames—the moon in silver radiance played o'er the burnished wave—the midnight hour tolled deep and dreary—its iron-tongue growled sullen in the air, and thrilled each nerve with desperation. I had thrown my coat and hat upon the bank, and was kneeling in a sort of frantic attitude at the water's edge, lost in a paroxysm of distraction, when I felt my arm seized and dragged with violence by the rough gripe of a press-gang: who searching my pockets, and witnessing my intended act of suicide, bore me between them to their rendezvous.

“Wretched as I was, I needed little inducement to become their prey; and when the next rising sun beamed upon the happy child of affluence, it darted its capricious ray upon me in the character of a voluntary sailor.

“Hurried

“ Hurried on board, and initiated into the rough duties of my new station, I endeavoured to forget the perfidious Cecilia, and my inexorable parent's harsh invectives; but, alas! I soon found, time only could ameliorate my woe, and cicatrize the wounded heart.

“ As a sailor before the mast, I served seven years; the tempest had howled over my devoted head, and I had sustained the heat of battle three times, beneath the preserving shield of my guardian angel, and ten more adventurous ones had succeeded them, passed in different stations, and the service of my country, in which I had fortunately signalized myself, and acquired that competent reward I disdained to solicit from my family, when fortune destined me a birth in an Indiaman, bound for Bengal; where I was to be stationed very advantageously,

Advantageously, through the interest of a friend.

“ Arrived in my new settlement, I earned the death of my father had cut me off with a *shilling*; and that my elder brother, as inexorable as himself, denied an augmentation of the boon. I had lost my mother in my infancy; and the wife who had succeeded her, had never been a parent to me.

“ Thus thrown on a wide world, a miserable outcast—the victim of my own folly, I had lived two years, almost sunk in a state of apathy, when I one day took an excursion by water, about ten leagues distance, determining to explore the country, in a sort of misanthropic ramble; and, without divulging my plan, I provided myself a canoe, and a few provisions, with a jar of fresh water, proposing

posing to be absent about two or three days.

“The idea, romantic as it sounds, suited my feelings. I felt in a mood to indulge my sorrow; which corroding worm had preyed upon my heart for the tedious space of eighteen years. Woman I had abjured—man I viewed only through the microscopic optic of dark suspicion—but to be brief—

“I leaped into my canoe by sun-rise, and had paddled through various winding and romantic creeks, when the shades of evening obliged me to land on the border of a desert island.

“Having fastened my canoe to the shore, and taken my gun on my shoulder, like a second Crusoe, I examined as much of the dreary waste as day-light permitted

permitted me to distinguish ; and, under the shade of a spreading palm, I was forming myself a bed of leaves, when I picked up a small gold trinket, usually worn by the female Indians, round their arms.

“ Surprized at this circumstance, I gazed eagerly around me, and soon discovered the print of small footsteps in the sand ; and feeling a slight degree of alarm, lest a party of savage natives might be lurking in the wood, at no great distance, I was just on the point of returning to my canoe, when a female Indian, habited in a short white petticoat, with a drapery of leopard-skin, fastened on her shoulder, and a coronet of coloured feathers bound round her long platted black hair, darted across me.

“ She started—gazed on me with outstretched hands—approached—drew a quiver

quiver of darts and a small bow from beneath her drapery, and laying them at my feet, pointed eagerly toward the wood.

“The beautiful symmetry of her form—the polish of her soft and jetty skin—the intelligence of her fine and eloquent eyes, transfixed me in pleasing astonishment.

“I bent my knee in adoration of her kindness—I pressed her hand to my lip, and entreated her, if she could speak my language, to inform me who she was.

“She shook her head. The rapidity of her motions, to make me comprehend she would preserve me from the natives, was wonderful; she unclasped the belt, that bound the quiver to her back, and fastening it round my shoulder, she gave me to understand they were dipp'd in poison; yet

yet still she spoke not ; but pointing to her arm, she endeavoured to convince me she had dropped some ornament.

“ I drew the little trinket from my pocket ; she smiled sweetly on me, and taking my hand, led me in silence through the deepest recesses of the wood, till we came to the mouth of a small cave, where extended on an osier mattress, covered with skins, slumbered a Mulatto infant.

“ I bent over the babe—I kissed its tawny face—I gazed on the Indian, and she was in tears.

“ Still silently she led me about twenty yards from the cave, and pointing to a little mound, decked with wild shrubs, she wept bitterly on my shoulder—she laid her hand on my heart.

“ The

“The father of thy child sleeps there!” said I. ‘Oh, God! this dumb eloquence is insupportable.’

“We returned to the cave—we seated ourselves on the foot of the mattress, when, to my inexpressible joy, in broken accent and half intelligent sentences, the beautiful Cora spoke my native language.

“Delighted beyond expression, I pressed her to my heart, as she related with sweet simplicity, her little narrative, giving me to understand her name was Cora, her father was chief of the island; and that Zurii, cruel Zurii, was her lover; but it seemed some luckless European, escaping the peril of shipwreck, had wandered to this desert coast, where, expiring with famine and fatigue, Cora discovered him, and preserved his life in this identical cavern. In consequence of which, she
fell

fell in love with the handsome white man, and preserved him in concealment for many months; when, at length, he died, leaving her pregnant, a circumstance which greatly enraged both Zurii and her father, to whom she never could be compelled to reveal the story.

“When she was delivered of her infant, Zurii attempted to murder it shortly after; but Cora, like a true mother, soon meditated a scheme to preserve her child; she absconded with the babe, in the dead of night, leaving its scarf and part of her own dress on the banks of the river, intimating with a pencil, on a paper addressed to her father and Zurii, that she and her infant were gone to the land of spirits. This billet she fastened to the cloaths, and then precipitately directed her steps to the cavern, where, it seems, for near two months, she had not been discovered by human

human eye, till my wretched form surprised her.

“ Oh! how I adored her fidelity; viewing her as the protector of my life, at the expence of her own, and earnestly entreating her to fly with me instantly.

“ Alas! she replied, ‘ the shore was dangerous to brave at midnight; but with the dawn, she would commit herself and infant to my protection.’ But in what words shall I repeat, before that anticipated dawn beamed upon us, Zuri and the father of Cora had perished by the hand of *Fitzalbert*.

“ Oh, how my distracting brain burns with the remembrance. ’Twas midnight when the subtle fiends darted with glancing torch and ready poignard, into the cavern, guided thither by the perfidy of a negro,

negro, seeking to snatch from her listless arm, the babe of Cora ; but at the cavern door, they found me watching with an unsealed eye.

“ Cora, in slumber sweet, had clasped her infant to her bosom ; when, awaked by the clash of their swords, she started wildly from her mattress, and with one deep groan of horror, threw herself prostrate o’er her child.

“ I wrenched the poignard from the savage chief—I plunged it in his bosom—he groaned—he fell. Zurii, the dauntless Zurii, dashed me to the earth ; when, risking life for life, I darted to his heart a poisoned arrow.

“ The vital stream flowed fast—the chief lay stretched in death ; and Zurii
VOL. IV. L writhed

writhed in torture: while Cora, pale and motionless with terror, still kept her posture.

“ I raised her in my arms—she hid her eyes; Zuri groaned deep and expired.

“ Ah! what have you done?” exclaimed Cora. ‘ Let us fly to the canoe; if discovered by the natives, we shall all perish. Oh! you have done a dark deed—your hand has murdered my parent—see he no longer breathes—no longer threatens vengeance on his hapless Cora.’

“ A flood of grief fell in torrents down her jetty cheek—she knelt—she pressed the bleeding corpse to her bosom; then snatching her infant, she rushed half frantic to the shore, where leaping into the canoe, we paddled away with the
utmost

utmost trepidation and swiftness, dreading every moment the perfidious slave would give the alarm, and pursue us.

“ In this anxious state we pursued our course, till after risking many perils, we landed safe at the same spot from whence I first set out, and conveyed Cora in safety to my abode.

“ Here, oppressed with grief and fatigue, I watched her slumbers. Never was heart more fond and grateful; and I soon discovered an equal share of affection thrilled our bosoms. In short, we became united, and lived for two short years the happiest and most blessed of mortals; when an epidemic distemper which raged in Bengal, snatched from my arms the richest gift of Heaven; for Cora and her infant died upon that

arm, that sanguinary arm, polluted by the blood of a fellow-creature.

“ Ah! how shrinks my soul with horror at the deed: and yet 'twas done for Cora, that angel, Cora, for whom Fitzalbert braved the villain's poignard, e'er he knew the blessing he preserved.

“ Ah! gentle stranger, as you read my hapless story, pardon and commiserate the unpremeditated murderer; nor shrink from him whose soul is contrite as his hopes of mercy. Bengal to me was now a desert—I relinquished my station, and careless of life, I once more offered my services on board a man-of-war, where in five years after, I returned to my native country, a disabled victim of war; and after ten years residence beneath this hospitable roof, you have found me still weeping

weeping the loss of Cora, and endeavouring by practicing an uniform system of diligence and gratitude to my benefactors, to obtain, through the medium of religion and penitence, the glorious seal of mercy that hides the recorded blot of human frailty."

The paper dropped from my nerveless hand—the tear of compassion dimmed my eye—it fell on the leather case, in which I carefully folded the melancholy summary of Fitzalbert's woes.

The bell had summoned the pensioners to rest, as I returned past the quadrangle, and Fitzalbert was gone from his seat: I could have asked him a thousand questions, and I trust I could have soothed his sorrowing heart; but, "I will sacredly keep my promise of seeing thee again, if Heaven permits," said I, as I

looked up at the gallery window; under which I paced with slow and reluctant step to the inn, ruminating on the transitions of human happiness.

Alas, Fitzalbert! victim of wayward fate; may the recital of thy woes impress, with zealous virtue, the erring child of mortality, and preserve him from those acute pangs a guilty conscience ever inflicts on the human heart, even in its most latent vibrations.

THE NUT-CRACKERS:

Who should I overtake the next morning on the Deptford road, walking arm in arm with Poll, tricked out in her holiday clothes, both cracking filberts, but the identical sailor who dropped his six-penny mite into Jessy's treasury; and had you seen how delighted he was, and what a ray of joy mantled on his suntinged cheek, you would have acknowledged him to be a true British sailor, in heart and deed.

“Avast, all mewling at the tempest; if the ship gets safe into port,” cried he, “what’s the use of shaking at a broad-
L 4 side.

side. Dash my trowsers, I said she'd tack about—well, and so she's making towards the land of matrimony, with a fair wind, hey, and a firm anchor?—God prosper her poor shattered top-gallant; I warrant she'll sport a *blue flag* on it, as Poll did when the parson *tackled* us."

So taking out his tobacco-box, he treated himself with a fresh quid, in honour of the good news, as he termed it; and wishing me safe in my cabin, away he lounged, with his long shining hair spreading over each shoulder to the band of his trowsers, and resumed his amusement of nut-cracking and whistling, the same as I met him.

THE PROMISED HOLIDAY.

THE moment I arrived in the vicinity of Kent-street, I recollected the residence of the brick-dust boy, and determined to call on him, as his master had requested.

Here I found him neat and clean; industriously sweeping the shop, with a cheerful heart and happy countenance.

“ Oh, Sir,” cried he, throwing down the broom, and dropping on his knees, “ how glad I am to see you, Sir; my master is so kind, and gives me *so much* ivtuals, and I am so happy, that when

my work is done of a night, I do nothing but *whistle*. See, Sir, I've got no rags now, and my heels are quite well and comfortable; I'm never beat, nor I hope I never shall want it, while master is so good to me."

"Rise, boy," said I; "be grateful—be diligent; and whenever your master permits you a holiday at Christmas, you are welcome to come and eat some plum-pudding, beef, and ale, with my house-keeper."

"But *what day*, tho'?" asked the arch-rogue, willing to bind the bargain.

"That we'll settle when I call again."

"I shan't forget it—I shall hardly know how to sleep for thinking of it," replied the boy.

"And

“And now, Sir,” said I, turning to the master, “as you have heard the honest declaration of this poor boy, and witnessed his artless engagement, tell me if he is worthy the generosity you have manifested; is he diligent, honest, capable, and, above all, does he possess a grateful heart? If those virtues are to be clearly analyzed in his composition, I am persuaded you’ll compound for the defects of youth and inexperience.”

“He is all I can expect from the unenlightened state of ignorance in which I found him,” replied his master; “his morals do not seem corrupted; he is good, faithful, intelligent, and, I believe, possesses a capacity highly improveable. In short, Sir, I am much pleased with his present behaviour, and I trust I shall have no cause to repent an act of humanity, for which I hold myself a debtor

to your example; and I have only to say, I shall be happy to cultivate your acquaintance."

"Sir," replied I, giving him my card, "I shall be happy to see you in my little pug's parlour, over an oyster and a bottle of port, whenever you are inclined to favour me with your company."

The boy stuck close to the skirt of my coat, as I bade his master adieu, and looking wistfully at me——

"You won't forget *I*, Sir," said he.

"No, never while you *remember* me," replied I.

"Then I wish next Sunday was Christmas-day," answered he.

"Alas,

“ Alas, boy ! thou knowest not the vanity of human wishes ; before that gloriously-memorable day arrives, I trust, I shall have cheered more dejected hearts than thine, that when I drink my cup of ale, I may enjoy the happy reflection, that I have cheered the sorrowing bosom, and endeavoured faithfully to perform my earthly mission.”

SUSAN'S RECEPTION.

OH! what a rap I struck upon my own brass knocker—how it echoed through the little hall, as Susan's shoe heels hopped down the stairs to open the door; through which, Mr. Trudge, with all the freedom of an inmate, pattered his dirty feet, in an exact circle round the polished oil-cloth, whilst I was gazing on the metamorphosed object who stood before me.

“Is it possible this can be my Susan?” thought I, displaying her *scraggy parchment salt cellars*, decked by a muslin frill attached to a *surplus* dress—her red swelled ears dized with a pair of dangling

ling gold *bobs*, and her long black locks, tucked into a muslin *bag*, that laid upon her round shoulders, on each of which stuck a black kitten, with three more clinging round her hips, and Phillis mewling at her heels.

“Hey-day,” cried I. “Why, Susan, you look like a witch beset by her cats.”

“Oh! pretty creatures,” replied she, “who could hurt a kitten? I wrote you word, Sir, about them; and I really have kept them for *luck*.”

“Pshaw!” cried I, “I see no luck it has produced; unless there’s luck in the *bag*, that you’ve popp’d your old foolish head into. And what’s the matter with your ears?—Have the kittens scratched holes in them, and so you have stuck a bibbity-bob.”

bob in each, for a play thing? For God's sake, where's your half-inch cheek—your decent-stuff gown—your coloured shawl, and your crimped mob cap?—Why, Susan, you are really turned topsy-turvy.”

“I'm sure,” replied she, “I'm only in the fashion, like other folks.”

“Oh!” said I, “then, I presume, you'll require me to furnish you with a fur-pelisse and a muff, to fetch a half-pennyworth of matches in, next winter; or a lace veil, and a parasol to go to market in the dog-days. Oh! thou silly old ewe; carry thy *surplus* to the *parson*, and thy *bag cap* to the chimney-sweeper—give any body a pint of porter to drown the cats, and let me see thee bring in my dinner, as Susan Thrifty used to do, when
she

she was an example to the domestics of the neighbourhood for cleanliness, neatness, and propriety."

"Susan coloured—slammed the door—made no reply; but walked into the kitchen:—her spirits were vexed, and mine offended. However, before the cloth was laid, she made her entrée in proper style, assuring me, she meant nothing more than to appear like her neighbours: who had so execrated and derided her mode of dress, that she had been induced to alter it. "But you have *approached* me in such a style, Sir," continued she, "that I'd sooner make my cloaths into tinder, than ever wear the cap or gown again."

"And you have *approached* me in such a style I never expected," replied I; "however, never let us quarrel again; when

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1. The first step in the process of a business plan is to determine the overall goal of the business. This goal should be clear, concise, and measurable. It should also be realistic and achievable within the given resources and time frame.

2. Once the goal is established, the next step is to conduct a market analysis. This involves identifying the target market, understanding the needs and preferences of the customers, and analyzing the competitive landscape. This information will help in determining the pricing strategy and the marketing mix.

3. The third step is to develop a financial plan. This includes estimating the costs of the business, determining the revenue streams, and calculating the profit margins. It is important to have a realistic view of the financial requirements and the potential return on investment.

4. The fourth step is to create a marketing plan. This involves identifying the marketing channels, developing promotional strategies, and determining the budget for marketing activities. The marketing plan should be aligned with the overall business goal and the target market.

5. The final step is to implement the business plan. This involves setting up the business structure, hiring staff, and launching the business. It is important to monitor the progress and make adjustments as needed to ensure the business is on track to achieve its goals.



1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. This includes the use of surveys, interviews, and focus groups to gather qualitative information, as well as the application of statistical software for quantitative analysis.

3. The third part details the process of identifying and measuring key performance indicators (KPIs). It explains how these indicators are selected based on the organization's strategic goals and how they are used to monitor progress and performance over time.

4. The fourth part describes the process of reporting and communicating the results of the analysis. It highlights the importance of presenting the data in a clear and concise manner, using visual aids such as charts and graphs to enhance understanding.

5. The final part of the document discusses the implications of the findings and the steps that should be taken to address any identified issues or areas for improvement. It stresses the need for ongoing monitoring and evaluation to ensure that the organization remains on track with its objectives.

